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THE SECRET LIFE OF THE APPLE





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'HULLO?' The voice sounded like an ant down the telephone.

'I'm calling from Chile,' it said, 'to say that I can't find any migrant labourers – they've all gone home.'

It was one of those phone calls I dread. The person speaking had agreed to write about migrant apple-pickers for this issue of **NI** only to discover that the apple-picking season was over.

'He's supposed to be a journalist,' someone said unkindly, 'tell him to get on his bike and look.' I tried to suggest more tactful alternatives but the ant's voice argued back.

'I have looked. Everywhere. I don't know where they've gone but there aren't any around here – and I'm too busy to carry on.' He sounded pretty definite.

It was a knotty problem to solve from so far away. But it had to be done. I started ringing around agencies and other likely sources to find out where one

might find migrant apple-pickers in Chile after the season was finished. The question inspired much mirth and a great deal of speculation. 'Is this a hoax?' someone asked.

It has been like that all the way through this magazine. Ask a serious question about apples – and people think you are joking. There were guffaws around the office the whole time I was doing my research. And if people could slip in a 'fruity' pun to 'get to the core of the matter' they did.

On the other hand, those people who knew about apples were absolutely delighted to help and very kindly went to enormous trouble to show me around libraries and talk to me in great depth about black spot and apple scab, blue mould and powdery mildew and the enormous range of other hazards that this poor fruit faces. I suppose these experts don't get the chance to talk to many people about apples. And as I got deeper into this magazine, I started to know how they feel.

Getting up-to-date, international facts about the apple proved a nightmare. International phone calls were needed in the course of which I unearthed much fascinating information. Did you know that

the Romans wore wreaths of celery because they believed it prevented hangovers? Or that Victorians were so keen on cucumbers they developed blue ones?

You can imagine how disappointing it was to have such gems dismissed as 'trivia' – even in the minutes of our weekly co-op meeting. As the editor of this magazine, I felt it my job to defend the apple. And I did. Instead of the co-op's weekly supply of biscuits, I bought fruit.

This month the apple bites back. And if you are presently deciding that you are not a fruit fan hold on – there is more of interest to you in this magazine than meets the eye. Ask why we chose to write about apples? The answer is: we like to surprise you. And we knew that this magazine would.

Sue Shaw
for the New Internationalist Co-operative

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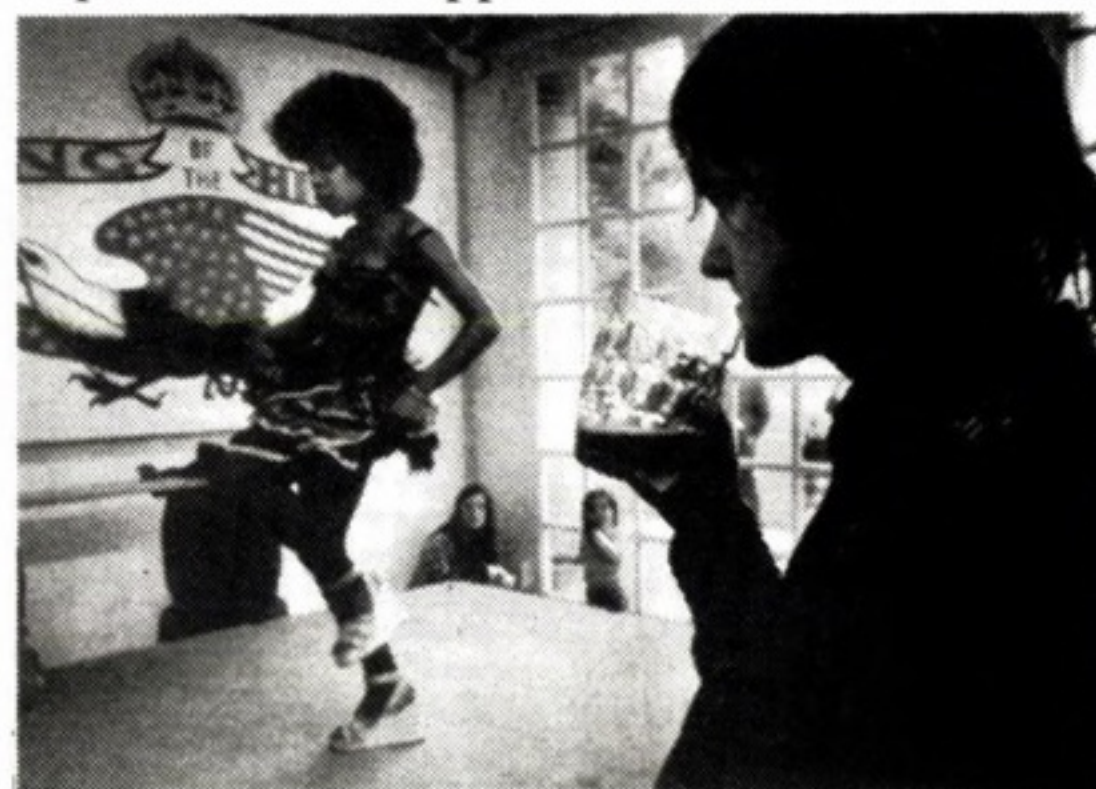
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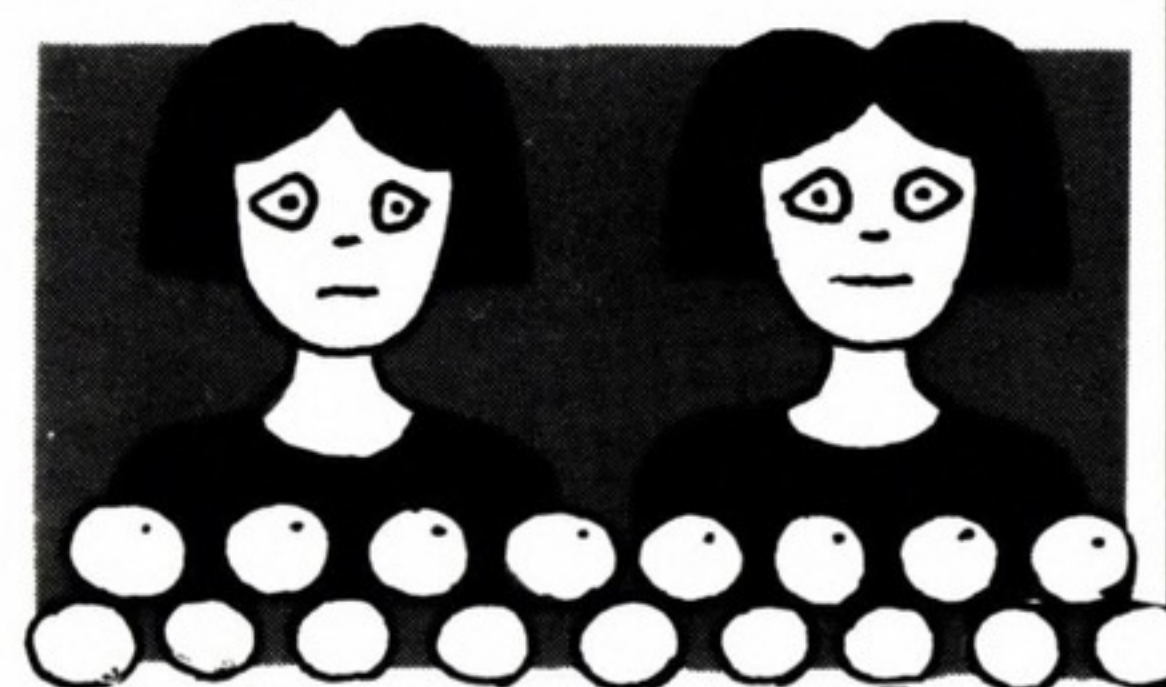
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Terror tactic

Your recent issue on how the end of the Cold War affects the Third World (*East Meets West, North Forgets South* NI 211) was welcome – but puzzling. In it you made no mention of the way in which some Third World leaders are attempting to redress the



political imbalance between North and South by resorting to the terrorist tactic of hostage taking. However repugnant, recent events in the Middle East surely indicate that this is the future ahead of us. Saddam Hussein's actions are a response to Third World powerlessness – and one we should expect to see more of. I can only assume that the NI went to press before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait for this important factor to have been omitted. What about an issue on the Middle East now?

Bill Johnson
Nottingham, UK

Virginal vagaries

I don't expect you to get everything right, but to describe the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception as coming from a 'literal translation' of a controversial biblical passage is enough to make me chuckle – especially in a piece headed 'Fundamentalism – The Facts' (*Reaching for Certainty* NI 210). The doctrine states that Mary, the mother of Christ, was preserved from sin from the moment of her conception. And it isn't in the Bible. It wasn't defined by the Roman Catholic church until 1854. And it isn't accepted

NI welcomes your letters. But please keep them short. They may be edited for purposes of space or clarity. Include a home telephone number if possible and send your letters to the nearest editorial office. The address is inside the front cover.

by Protestants – certainly not by most of those you refer to as 'fundamentalists' in the rest of your issue. I expect you were thinking about the virginal conception of Jesus which is described in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke.

Alan Jewell
Aylesbury, UK

Outraged reply

I object strongly to the photograph of Ahmadi Muslims that was published in the NI in the context of the articles on fundamentalism (NI 210). The word fundamentalism is unfortunately used by the Western press as the 'thought represented by mediaeval Islam' – rather than Islam at its source or in its pristine form. The Ahmadiyya Movement in Islam was founded by Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad of Qadian India in 1889 and stands for the revival of true Islam. To this, fundamentalism as expressed in the articles is totally alien. Our motto is 'Love for all, hatred for none' and it can be clearly seen in the background of the picture. Using the photo in the context that you placed it damages the credibility of your publication, and I feel that NI owes an apology to the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community.

Rashid Ahmad Chaudhry,
Press Secretary
Ahmadiyya Muslim
Association,
London, UK

Natural pain

At one time I could easily have become a fundamentalist advocate of natural childbirth (NI 210). But I didn't because I quickly discovered that I was even more fundamentally opposed to unnecessary pain – and resorted to an epidural anaesthetic. As a result I had a very pleasant, stress-free, pain-free labour and delivery. Moreover I had no guilt about by-passing the pain: after all, I have yet to hear anyone advocate, say, natural tooth extraction. Sometimes I feel the romanticizing of natural childbirth is yet another example of the seemingly worldwide conspiracy – aided and abetted by many women – to make us all feel guilty for not suffering enough.

Perhaps you were right and there is a demon fundamentalist within us all, which we need to be constantly battling against – or at least made aware of.

Gillian Sathanandan
Evesham, UK

Fundamental panacea

On the broad definition given by Richard Swift (*Reaching for Certainty* NI 210), fundamentalism can mean almost anything. More simply, this striving for the clear assertion of 'fundamentals' is an age-old and pandemic aspect of humanity: the striving for certainty and predictability. In the old, inherited sense

fundamentalism is a good thing because it alleviates pain and suffering. But it is subject to manipulation by politicians who use it to their own advantage. Never let the politicians get hold of your own particular source of comfort and kid you that without them it will not survive. Refuse to believe them. Refuse to go along. If everyone can manage this we will all be able to go on quietly shaving our heads, lighting our candles, starving ourselves on particular days of the year – and no-one will mind or probably even notice.

Ian Flintoff
London, UK

Difficult dilemma

Naomi Roberts concluded her period of volunteering early because she felt she was giving Ghanaians something that they did not want (*Endpiece* NI 209). This is odd because VSO does not impose volunteers on countries. It responds to requests from those countries and usually they only get what they ask for. Of course, we sophisticated Westerners may think they are not asking for the right things. But to impose our views is just as colonial as our forebears. There is a difficult problem here and I should be interested in any answers your readers may suggest.

Peter Wrigley
Blantyre, Malawi

Patient partners

I am a Ghanaian working as a Field Officer for VSO in Ghana. I read Naomi Roberts' article (*Endpiece* NI 209) with interest because in a way I was one of the characters in the drama she narrates. She has been honest with herself and the lesson is clear. 'Aid workers' who come to developing countries with a purely altruistic attitude – giving up a good job and staking a lot to help poor people – are doomed to be disillusioned and frustrated. Those who come as partners, patient and ready to learn and therefore better able to adapt their contribution before giving it, stand a better chance of



going back happier and with the feeling it was worth it.

Tony Dogbe
VSO, Ghana

Nicaraguan niggle

In their article on Central America (*The Fear of Madness* NI 209), Lucy Marks and Val Ford twice refer to the 'new UNO government' of Violeta Chamorro. What on earth does this mean? This 'UNO government' — as the authors acknowledge — was selected by the Nicaraguan people albeit by a fairly narrow margin. Their new leader is a former Sandinista supporter. Is it seriously suggested that she break with her old allies because of her lack of sympathy for their mental-health reforms? If, as I suspect, Nicaragua faces serious eco-

nomic problems, I would assume that part of the blame lies with the previous Nicaraguan government and that Chamorro may be faced with tough decisions needed to ensure that the 'empty stomachs' of the people are filled. She deserves sympathy in these present difficult times.

Douglas Jagers
Littleover, UK

Buzz-words

As a beekeeper's wife I have to use soap powder rather than scented detergent as bees don't appreciate the chemical scents in many whiter-than-white products (*Letters* NI 208). I use Preserve's White Snow which is the cheapest soap powder on the Australian market though there is a

knack to using it as it is slow to dissolve, being fine lumps of pure soap. On washing day I fill a bucket half full of very hot water and add my cup of soap powder before going back to the house for breakfast. Dishes done, I return to find my bucket full of 'slime' which I pour into the washing machine.

Soaps clean by having charged particles at either end of their molecules — one end 'grabs' dirt while the other 'grabs' water. This means you can re-use soapy water for fresh loads as the 'cleaning' happens in the rinse. The sudsy water continues working while it is slippery and you can still make bubbles by agitating it, no matter how grotty it looks.

Peri Coleman
Bajool, Australia

Profit pressure

The co-operation necessary to combat the threat of global warming (*How to turn down the heat* NI 206) may be difficult to achieve under our competitive system in which profits seem to be considered more important than safety or even life itself. An escape route would be possible by establishing a society in which industries, land and natural resources are democratically owned and controlled by all the people, and production carried on to satisfy human needs rather than for profit.

Jessie Campbell
Washington, US



The views expressed on the letters pages are not necessarily those of the NI.

LETTER FROM LA PAZ

Bonfires in Bolivia

In the contest between the sun god and the ozone layer, Bolivians know what to choose every time. Susanna Rance reports.

BONFIRE night in Bolivia — on 23 June, the eve of San Juan — is reputed to be the coldest night of the year. Stones break open on the windswept high plateau and fires are lit to defy the bitter chill and summon back the rays of the sun god, Inti.

Migrant families have brought the tradition with them to the urban shanty towns. Everywhere San Juan stands for warmth, fun and companionship. Bonfires are built not in people's backyards but on the streets outside their doors. The further you climb away from the town centre, the more alive the custom is. The narrowest, poorest alleyways glow with flames, lighting up the hillside paths. Neighbours sit on each other's doorsteps, chatting and sharing hot punch, jumping over the flames, dancing and carousing until the drink runs out and the embers have died down.

Each year on San Juan, a hundred thousand bonfires dot the slopes of the huge crater which holds La Paz. Next morning the city's crystal-blue skies are covered by a curtain of grey smog which hides the snowy Andean peaks and causes havoc to local flight schedules.

Two years ago, news of the ozone layer hit Bolivia and the San Juan celebrations — and the smoky aftermath took on a new significance. There was serious talk of ecological suicide, criminal irresponsibility and the evils of toxic fumes merging with alcoholic ones. This year fires were banned in the main cities. The La Paz Police Force nobly sacrificed its traditional bonfire party and patrolled the wintry hillsides — some sneakily in plain clothes — to enforce law and order in pagan territory.

Up in the shanty towns subversion ruled. As night fell, the neighbours in our dead-end street furtively stacked piles of wood and old furniture in their doorways, listening for radio reports in the hope of a reprieve. The first bonfire was lit, glasses of punch were passed around and the winter chill started to mellow.

After a while, two soldiers in khaki ponchos came up the hill and

asked us somewhat apologetically to put out the fire. When we protested that ours was a dirt track and not a paved city street, they seemed uncertain of the rules and phoned their chief. It turned out he was being bombarded by similar queries and was none too sure of the answer. 'Phone back in half an hour,' he said, and the soldiers went on their way, warmed by glasses of hot liquor.

When they returned, eight bonfires were blazing and our new friends from across the way were dancing to lively Peruvian music. The soldiers got their chief on the phone again and made the situation sound quite dire. 'There's not a lot we can do,' they said. 'There are fires everywhere and some of the locals are getting stropky. We're trying to deal with it peacefully...' The lieutenant applauded their efforts and said the tactic was to avoid aggro and let the fires die down gradually.

'Well, that's it then. Time for a drink,' said the soldiers, relieved at having accomplished their mission so early in the evening. It was true that things were getting out of hand. On a brief stroll through the nearby alleyways we counted 70 bonfires and spirits were rising.

As our tippie changed from hot tea with grape liquor to Dona Eva's lethal milky punch, previously unknown neighbours became dancing partners, tongues loosened and inhibitions faded. It seemed quite natural for us to end up slumped together on the ground, leaning unsteadily against each other, watching the children play while the more resilient dancers still staggered and turned in the firelight.

Next morning, painful rays of sunlight somehow filtered through the haze hanging over the city. Our street was a charred mess and the corner shop didn't open. As the neighbours started to emerge later in the day, everyone agreed it had been a great San Juan. But would it be the last?

Environmentalists and defenders of popular culture launched into a week-long debate about the pros and cons of the bonfire culture. Some went to town on Bolivia's planetary responsibility, warning that such barbarian customs would eventually lead to the flooding of New York and Miami and the extinction of the human race. But as one leading ecologist pointed out, close-knit communities and their traditions tend to stay in greater harmony with the environment than modern urban society. Banning the yearly fiesta of San Juan may be Bolivia's gesture towards fighting global warming. But it also signals the end of an ancient rite rejoicing in human warmth and in the sun's return.

Susanna Rance has lived and worked in Bolivia for several years.



Once it exploded with divine flavour – but no longer. Sue Shaw charts the apple's spectacular fall from grace.

THE SECRET LIFE OF THE APPLE



FACED with a horribly complex problem, do you: a) Panic? b) Go back to bed? c) Break the problem into pieces and look at them one at a time?

The first two options are tempting but the last is more productive. Big questions are too difficult to understand unless we simplify them. And looking at small things in detail can produce big truths. Scientists, for example, map the human body by studying a single cell under a microscope. And William Blake dreamed of seeing the world in a grain of sand.

So what happens if we do something similar and look at the world through a single object – the humble apple, for instance? Well not so humble actually. The apple has suffered delusions of grandeur for centuries – ever since the Biblical legend of Adam and Eve reached north-west Europe and people assumed that the fruit on the Tree of Knowledge was an apple. It seemed logical, because apple trees were among the most popular fruit trees.

The apple has never recovered. One day it was just an edible fruit, and the next it was The Apple, star of one of the great-

est dramas of all time: The Fall of Humankind. Pretty impressive stuff?

It thought so. Ambitious beyond the wildest dreams of the banana or the humble plum, it attempted to take over the world. Today it has a pip in almost every pie from computers to cosmetics. The Big Apple is the symbol of the world's greatest metropolis, New York City. Isaac Newton discovered gravity when he saw an apple fall to earth. In women's magazines and educational material the apple conjures good food and health. Even the Beatles used it to symbolize their vision of a more just world when they named their business Apple Corps.

But although the apple as symbol is all around, most of us would still think of it first as a tasty snack. Take a trip down to your local supermarket. What do you see? Temptation on a grand scale. Things that our grandparents could not have even dreamed of. Go on – excite your palate with a little of what you fancy: the soft, the sharp, the acid tang of novelty. Avocado, pineapple, coconut and kiwi-fruit, water melon, lychees and other exotic delicacies – all flown from the furthest corners of the globe to quench our insatiable Western appetite for the unfamiliar. And in the midst of them all are the blushing apples, pretty as you please, proclaiming themselves exotic from Chile, South Africa or Israel.

Would you believe it? This oldest and most common of Western fruits – grown since before the first word was written – is marketed as a speciality. To this end it has settled in countries that a few hundred years ago barely knew of the apple's existence. And with a little help from its friends, the big multinational companies and landowning farmers, it is spreading its roots.



Photo : David Lurie

South African apple pickers pay the price for cheap Cape fruit: low wages and poor housing.

But here is where even everyday eating apples adopt a different meaning according to the context. Take the Grabouw region of South Africa which produces 65 per cent of South Africa's apples and exported around 250,000 tonnes to the European Community in 1989. Many farmers in Grabouw own big German cars and have holiday homes by the sea. To these people, the apple symbolizes money.

But what does the apple mean to the pickers as they stretch and bend, stretch and bend, dawn to dusk, for less than \$19 a week? Do they see temptation or trouble on the trees? When their children scream hungrily from inside the damp, overcrowded, concrete houses is it money or mayhem that the apple conjures?

Sweet or sour

Does the apple tantalize or taunt when labourers summon the courage to challenge the boss about conditions on the farm – only to be sacked? That was the fate of one worker on the Anglo American farm estate Vergelegen, dismissed for asking his employers why he was not paid for a public holiday. He had worked the same hours on the same farm for nine years but he was paid as a casual labourer, and so had no right to a pension, to notice pay – not even to the right of appeal. What was his reaction? Did he tear an apple off the tree and smash it to the ground? Or did he see it as a force for change?

To others in the farmlands of Grabouw the apple says 'Organize, fight back,' and the number of farm labourers joining unions is growing. To Western anti-apartheid campaigners the apple has been saying, 'Damn the racist apartheid system, boycott South African fruit,' for at least a decade. Boycotts and sanctions have bruised the South African fruit industry. The closure of its US market knocked a hefty 17.5 per cent off South Africa's agricultural exports. Some farmers have even improved their workers' conditions

as a result: at least Westerners are giving Third World workers one small thing of value.

In other respects the influence of the Western apple buyer is less positive. Take the thousands of Third World labourers who are poisoned every year by pesticides. They are martyrs to the cause of producing perfect fruit and vegetables to meet consumer demand in the West – 'Have a nice day now'. Farmers can't get off the pesticide treadmill. As pests become ever more resistant to the chemicals, ever more chemicals need to be used.

Chemical companies may posture regret, but they have a vested interest in increasing Third World sales, as markets in industrialized countries are shrinking. Thai farmers test the concentration of pesticide by tasting it, but why should the multinationals care? They're into wealth not welfare.

And recently the Big Boys of business discovered where a lot more bucks can be found – in fruit and vegetable species, lurking among the genes. Once there were thousands of varieties of apples just as there were multiple varieties of most plant foods. Today many of them have vanished. The apparent tempting diversity on the supermarket shelves actually means uniformity: Red Delicious, Golden Delicious, Granny Smith and more Red Delicious, made gaudy with lights and bagged in polythene. You may choke on it but it screams 'success' to the multinationals.

These companies are buying up genes, storing them in gene banks and patenting them. If you want to grow a new crop variety, you pay for the genes. Genes might have been nature's gift in the past, but this is the 'economically mature' late twentieth century.

It makes good business sense in another way too – because it is now cheaper to make plants that fit the pesticide than to adapt the pesticide to fit the plants. Get

breeders to grow crops that can withstand the most vicious herbicide and you have an ideal source of income: breeders buy more genes, farmers buy more pesticides. You have to admit it's neat.

It's a sad comedown for the mighty apple: polished with wax to inhibit aging and sprayed with pesticide 16 times a year, it is turning into just another product of the global factory farm. If the apple could feel, the rate of change would make it shudder on the branches of the trees where it stands to attention in its sterile, tightly packed commercial rows.

Why, just a few generations ago the grandparents of this trumped-up charlatan blossomed and grew in orchards that attracted humans and animals alike with the sweet scent of fruit as it hung from the boughs. People, woodpeckers, nuthatches, tree-creepers and flycatchers, foxes and badgers, hedgehogs and other creatures all took sanctuary in orchards which were like symbols of harmony between human beings and nature.

Now all that is going, going, gone to the highest bidder – to the housing estates and industrial complexes, the big commercial farms and roads. Human memory is short. Soon it will forget that such orchards ever existed.

Nature's gift

Perhaps it would have been better for the apple if it had never been burdened with so much symbolic baggage. Before it came into contact with Eve and became a star, the apple was a humble fruit, a gift from the holy Tree of Life, which accumulated meaning in many cultures long before the Garden of Eden myth took shape.

People through the ages made images of the Tree of Life, as with the stone altar in Neolithic Malta with trees carved on all four sides. The Bronze Age Sumerians made a ring seal revering both fruit and Tree together: a seated goddess and horned god stretch their hands towards fruit on the tree that grows between them.

Throughout the ages human beings turned to living trees for comfort. Trees conjured up thoughts of immortality and the cyclical nature of time by their perpetual rhythm of birth, growth, decay and regeneration. Over time the Tree – and its fruit – came to be understood as part of the sacred source of life, a manifestation of Mother Goddess, from whose body the whole world sprang and to which it would return.

In parts of Europe the apple tree became the noblest tree of all – the tree of immortality. Most European cultures have their ancient apple myths. There is, for instance, the Norwegian folk tale about an old woman called Misery, whose only possession is an apple tree to which things stick. One day Father Death knocks on her door. 'Of course I will come,' says Misery, 'but before I die, grant me this favour – fetch me one last apple from the

tree.' Father Death climbs the tree to gather a rosy apple but directly he touches the fruit he is caught. For ten long years Misery leaves him there, during which time no-one in the village dies. Finally she lets him down provided he allows her to live as long as she likes. Father Death agrees. And that is why Misery is alive in the world today.

The moral of the story might not be lost on today's Greens: that human beings create their own misery by betraying the gift of the apple tree – the gift of nature. Happiness can only be theirs if they honour that gift.

Begging blessings

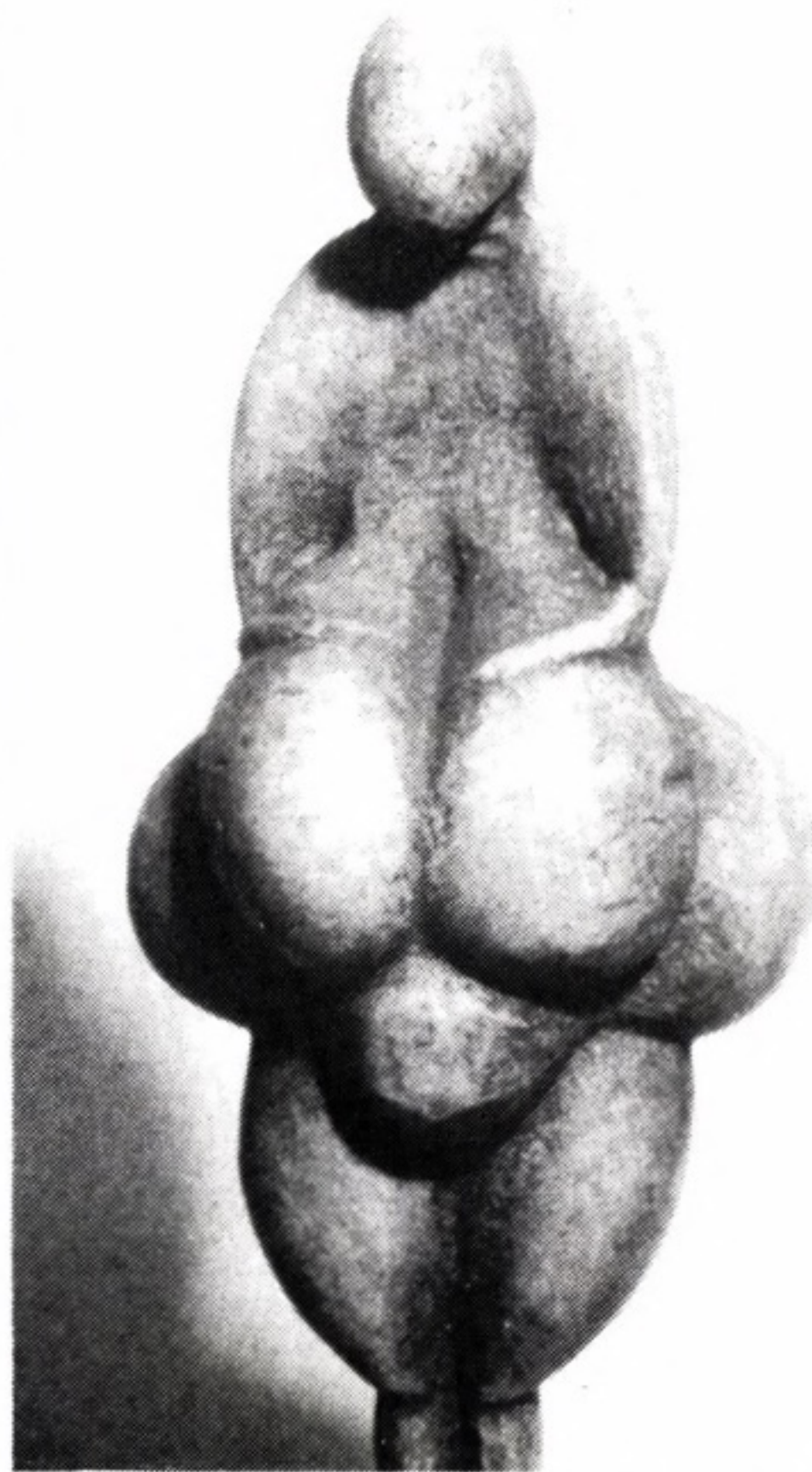
Our ancient ancestors heard. They begged forgiveness from the Mother Goddess and blessed the axe in a ritual of mourning before hacking down trees in autumn. And they gave thanks when the first buds appeared in spring. Some of these rituals we still practise today, though their meaning is only dimly remembered. There is the old English custom of dancing around the Maypole to weave leaves back onto the bare branches. Or the Christmas Tree which we light with candles and bedeck with gifts to announce the rebirth of the sun.

In parts of England people still worship Pomona, the Roman goddess of fruit trees, through the custom of wassailing which is intended to encourage a good crop of apples. On Twelfth Night wassailers hang toasted bread on their most productive apple tree to attract the robins which are traditionally held to be good spirits. Guns are shot into the branches to frighten away evil spirits. Cider is poured over the roots of the tree and the wassailers circle the tree chanting:

*Stand fast root, bear well top,
Pray God send us a howling good
crop;
Every twig, apples big
Every bough, apples enou;
Hats full, caps full;
Full quarter sacks full.*



Wassailing apple trees with cider in Devon.



Stone-age Venus: glorification of fertility.

This ritual comes from a time when the apple was recognized as a gift from something greater than ourselves – though by then she was only a minor goddess. For gradually over thousands of years, the Mother Goddess who gave birth to all things had lost her power as people real-

ized that men had a role in procreation.

Male gods were born. And in some cultures the phallus even became the sacred source of worship, the sacred source of all that lived. Enter Adam and Eve – and a star was born. The apple shot to glory. Or did it?

Bite into a shiny, red apple and taste insipid sponge. Often picked by impoverished Third World workers, it appears on our supermarket shelves and our tables as a polished, insubstantial thing, available only in two or three varieties instead of in thousands, and grown at the expense of the environment.

With the apple we have tried to naturalize our exploitation of the world, to make oppression and degradation seem part of nature's plan. But the apple is biting back. Now it has become associated with appearances and money so that it is a symbol of exploitation itself. Some of these are explored in the pages to come: computers which siphon even more power from the people who operate them; a dynamic but degraded city; a hippie alternative to capitalism which failed because it never really analysed the problem.

The way we are treating the apple serves as a metaphor for how we are treating our world. And its spectacular fall from grace should serve as a warning. □

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PEEL back the truth about the ubiquitous commercial apple. Its rosy sheen belies a fruit preserved with pesticides and grown by exploited Third World workers to adorn supermarket shelves for your delight and mine. Like the Big Apple myth of New York City with enough bites for everyone, the twentieth-century apple is a deception.



The massacre of Apple Lincoln

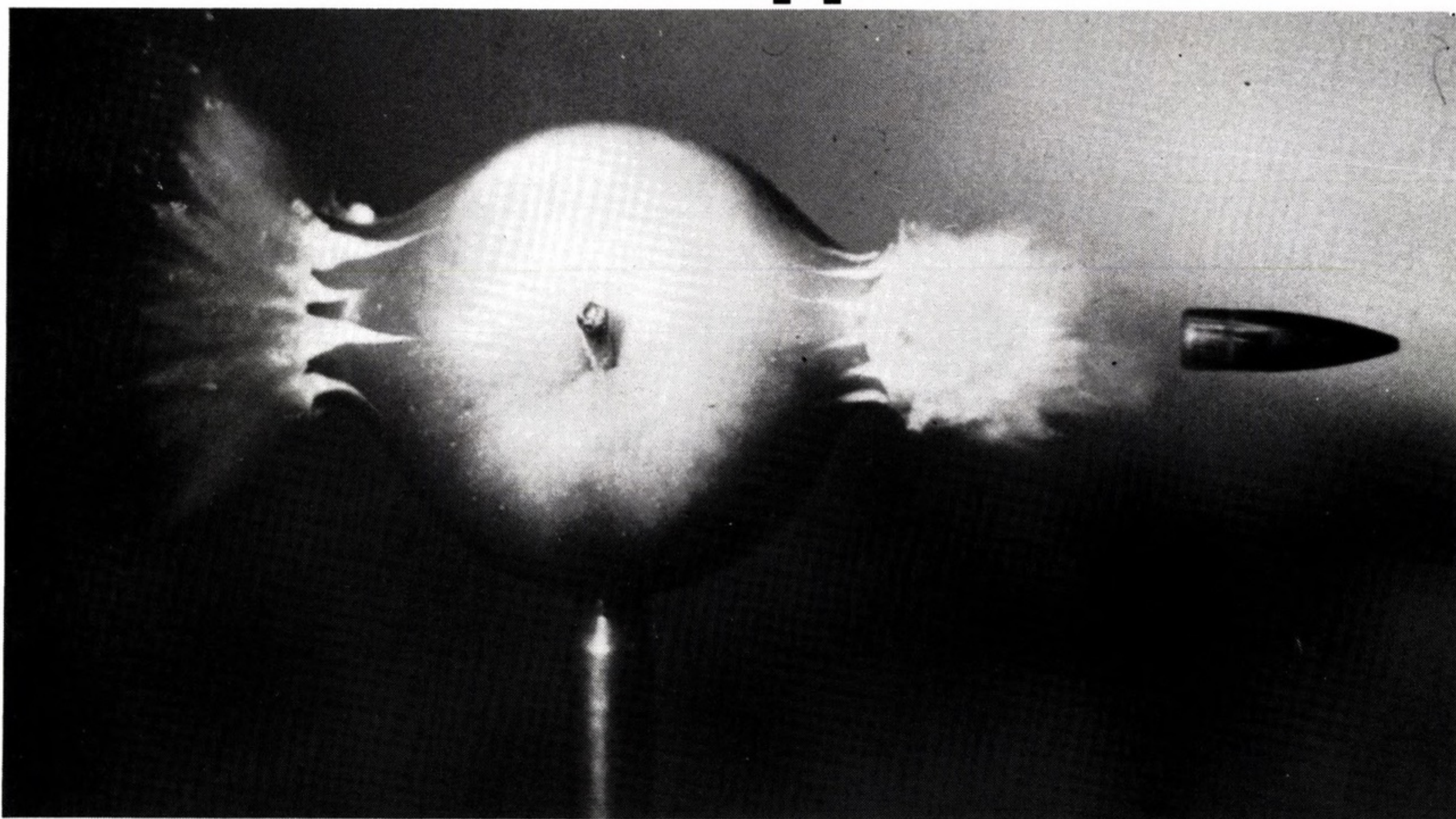


Photo : Dr Harold Edgerton/Science Photo Library/Camera Press

A tyranny of sameness is sweeping the earth. Why? Because the chemical companies have discovered gold in genes. Pat Mooney reports.

LINCOLN was assassinated. So were Washington and Jefferson. In fact all three Lincolns were wiped out. In the end it wasn't so much an assassination as a massacre, with 6,121 of the 7,098 American apple varieties that blossomed last century now extinct. The same has happened to American pears. Almost 88 per cent of the 2,683 varieties which our grandparents enjoyed have vanished along with the Lincoln, the Washington and the Jefferson apples.

Fruit aficionados in Europe might think this no great loss. After all, Europe has always had greater genetic diversity of apples. But the apple killers have crossed the Atlantic. In 1874, Belgium was Europe's top pear-breeding country and boasted over one thousand varieties of pear. Today just three pear varieties dominate the country's commercial crop. Golden Delicious over-runs half of Belgium's orchards and just five apple varieties have taken over where once nearly 600 varieties thrived.

But the mass extinctions of fruit pale next to the murderous uniformity at the vegetable counter. Today 97 per cent of the vast range of vegetable varieties that adorned American dinner tables at the turn of the century have disappeared forever. Similar estimates are made for Western Europe.

Animal species are being made extinct

worldwide: pandas in China, whales in the Pacific; elephants in Africa. And rightly there is a storm of protest aimed at saving them. But our own food supply is being decimated around us and hardly a hand is being raised.

Kiwi fruit and pizzas notwithstanding, a vast sameness has swept the supermarkets of Europe, North America and Australasia. Diversity on the shelves is an illusion. The local grocery in Brandon, Manitoba, sports 12,000 food products and flaunts 56 brands of breakfast cereal. Yet the gaudy boxes hold nothing more than wheat, rice, maize and oats. Three-quarters of human cereal consumption comes from only four crops.

Within these crops also, variety is being wiped away. Most cereals that used to grow in industrialized countries had dozens or even hundreds of different varieties of seed. But now fewer than five varieties predominate for each crop and even these are 'kissing cousins' of one another, genetically almost identical. Our wheat and our maize have experienced the same fate that befell our apples and pears.

In less than a century, market pressures for uniformity have slaughtered crop diversity. Machine harvesting demands uniform crops; food processing insists on standardized products. Each has contributed to the massive genetic erosion of the food chain.

When the demand for uniformity forces farmers to plant new varieties of cereal, the seeds from the old variety just get eaten. That is extinction. Because the good old seeds aren't around any more, plant breeders have fewer and fewer breeding options. Where they could have taken genes from an old disease-resistant variety and inserted them into a disease-vulnerable, high-yielding new variety, the old genes can no longer be found.

Kissing cousins

Every year genetic uniformity contributes to crop wipe-outs. Famine hit Ireland in the 1840s because of the genetic sameness in the Irish potato. When a new disease attacked the US maize crop in 1970, the kissing cousins in the fields had no genetic defence: farmers overall lost a billion dollars and some unlucky ones lost their farms as well. Two years later the Russian wheat crop was halved for want of genetic resistance.

Most of the world's remaining food genes are in the Third World which is where most food species come from — though the apple is actually one of the few exceptions, having originated in northern Eurasia. Wheat and barley sprang from the Near East and Ethiopia, as did coffee and many millets and sorghum. Central America is home to maize, tomatoes and cocoa. Potatoes come from the Andes and most of our salad vegetables hail from Asia or the Mediterranean.

When Northern crops crash up against a new pest or a new processing requirement, breeders hightail it back to the gene pool in search of the genetic variability

that may help them. Every year dozens of plant-collecting expeditions comb the fields and markets of the Third World searching for lost diversity.

There can be gold in those genes. Third World genes contributed about \$20 million to the value of the American maize crop in the mid-1980s and some corporate breeders estimate this will rise to about \$6,000 million in the coming decades. Individual genes valued at \$50 million *each* have been inserted into California tomatoes and Oregon wheat. And the value of a distant relative of maize has been estimated by one company at \$1,000 million dollars. Yet the Third World countries that these genes came from have not received a cent for them. All have flowed from South to North free of charge.

Once collected, Third World genes are stored in company vaults or government gene banks waiting to be incorporated into seeds patented and controlled by the multinational companies which monopolize the patents. In the midst of the global gene drain, more than 1,000 small family seed houses have either been bought out or come under the control of some of the world's largest chemical companies. The new seedspeople of the 1990s are Ciba-Geigy and Sandoz of Switzerland; Shell, ICI and Unilever of the UK; Rhone-Poulenc and LaFarge Coppée of France; Monsanto, Dow and Upjohn of the US.

Big business

The interest of chemical companies in monopolizing seeds and genes is hardly accidental. These same multinationals



Traditionally wheat had dozens of varieties.

also dominate the world's crop-chemical business. They foresee a huge market ahead.

Already it is more lucrative to breed pesticide-resistant crops than pest-resistant crops: it is cheaper and faster to adapt the plant to the chemicals than adapt the chemicals to the plant. While companies talk about sustainable agriculture, they create plant varieties that can withstand being sprayed by their most virulent herbicides. That means a bigger market for their chemicals.

The chemical companies are also betting that the Greenhouse Effect will make them a killing. One thing we know for certain about global warming is that – whether fields get drier or damper, whether temperatures soar or only fluctuate – our crops will have to adjust quickly. An altered climate will require altered crops as new pests, diseases and growing conditions force breeders to scramble for new genetic options. Chemical companies are assuming that nations will turn desperately to the creation of new crops – like the recently produced soybean, which has been bred with genes from the flounder fish to increase its cold tolerance.

Patents on life-forms are the key to this corporate strategy. If you control the first link in the food chain – the seed – you are well on the way to controlling the whole food chain. With this in mind the genetics-supply industry has approached the Uruguay Round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) negotiations at which all biological processes and products are assumed to be patentable. Third World countries that attempt to slap their own patents on life-forms have been attacked by the industry on the grounds that they are unfairly blocking corporate interests.

If this argument sticks – and it looks like it might – the only innovations that will remain unprotected will be those made by the rural poor in Africa, Asia and Latin America. The seeds of Third World farmers will be ripe for rip-off by big multinationals, to be incorporated into their own patented varieties. In this way a handful of companies in the North are edging towards having a monopoly over the world's genetic pool.

Losing the war

But as political battles rage around conference halls, the war for diversity may be collapsing in the fields. Even the gene pools in the South are drying up. The Green Revolution that swept away Europe's diversity at the turn of the century is now taking its toll on the Third World. Where 30,000 rice varieties once flourished in South-East Asia, one single kind now occupies two-thirds of the land. The incredible eggplants of the Sudan have succumbed to the US-bred 'Black Beauty' and the vast array of beets in Turkey have been vanquished by the 'Detroit Globe' beet.

For more than 10 years voluntary organizations around the world have been working to collect and conserve genetic diversity in community seed banks. From Java to Iowa, dedicated farmers and gardeners have been making a mighty effort to secure our future food supply. This is better than nothing. But extinction is forever and it doesn't do the world much good to save a seed for a year or two. A programme of concerted political action is needed which will preserve the world's genetic resources in a systematic way.

Apples it now seems – along with some other fruit – contain a substance which may help us fight off skin cancer caused by ozone depletion, and lung cancer caused by tobacco smoke. Scientists are beating the bushes for diversity again. Let's hope they are not too late. But even two apples a day may not keep Ciba-Geigy away and unless we act fast the prayer 'Give us this day our daily bread' could soon become a prayer to Shell Oil. □

Pat Mooney is a researcher for **RAFI**, which campaigns about genetic resources from bases in the US, Canada, Austria and Norway. Together with Carey Fowler, Mooney received the 1985 Right Livelihood Award or the Alternative Nobel Prize for his work on genetic resources. The two men have just written a new book called *Shattering – Food, Politics and the Loss of Genetic Diversity*, published by the University of Arizona Press.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

If we are to save the world's genetic pool we must act fast. You can help by asking overseas development organizations to support practical projects that will save genetic diversity, and also persuade them to alert their governments. Many countries have organizations that belong to the Seeds Action Network (SAN) which exchanges information about seeds and related topics. Write to the addresses below to find out whom to contact in your country.

Also, on 21 October this year, people in the UK can support Apple Day, which is being organized by the campaigning group Common Ground to raise awareness of the great diversity of apples and other fruit grown in the UK. The event will be held at 'The Old Apple Market' in Covent Garden, London, and is part of an ongoing campaign to draw attention to Britain's rapidly disappearing old orchards. More than one-third of these have been lost over the past 30 years, taking with them thousands of varieties of apple and depriving wildlife of a traditional sanctuary.

INTERNATIONAL: **RAFI**, c/o IIZ, Wipplinger Str 32, A-1010, Vienna, Austria. **GRAIN**, Apartado 23398, 0000 Barcelona, Spain. **CLADES**, c/o CET, Casilla 16557, Correo 9, Santiago, Chile. **SEARICE**, Tanawan Room, AT House, Don M Marcos Avenue, Diliman, University of the Philippines, Quezon City, The Philippines. **ENDA**, PO Box 3492, Harare, Zimbabwe.

AOTEAROA/NEW ZEALAND: Centre for International Development, Education and Action, (IDEA/Maaramatanga), PO Box 1145, Wellington.

AUSTRALIA: Seed Savers Network, PO Box 24, Nimbin, NSW 2480.

CANADA: **RAFI**, PO Box 188, Brandon, Manitoba.

UNITED KINGDOM: Henry Doubleday Research Association, Convent Lane, Booking, Braintree, Essex. **Common Ground**, 45 Shelton Street, Covent Garden, London WC2H 9HJ.

UNITED STATES: The Seed Savers' Exchange, 203 Rural Avenue, Decorah, Iowa 52101. **RAFI**, PO Box 6555, Pittsboro, NC 27312.

Uncontrolled weirdness

It was 23 years ago today Sergeant Pepper taught the band to play. It was the Summer of Love and the Beatles had a plan for 'a kind of Western communism'. Alan Hughes and Chris Brazier recall how it turned out.



Photo: Rex Features Ltd

H EY man, I've got a real groovy idea. Positively far out. Let's, like, build our own company that will look after the interests of creative people like us. An underground company that isn't dominated by grey men in suits tripping on money. Let's call it Apple Corps Ltd. Apple Core, dig?

The language is so degraded now, itself so far out that it is impossible to take seriously. And the blissed-out mid-Atlantic tones it conjures up hardly do justice to the Beatles' own thick and sardonic Liverpudlian accents.

Nevertheless when it comes down to it

'A beautiful place where you can buy beautiful things... a controlled weirdness... a kind of Western communism.'

Paul McCartney's vision of Apple.

the Beatles and their Apple Corps bear some responsibility for the ridicule now habitually visited on that kind of language and the culture that spawned it.

Project yourself back to 1967. For some of you that may be a truly cosmic journey back into and beyond the womb (a journey utterly in keeping with the spirit of that most cosmic of years). Those who have actual memories of the year are unlikely to have been party to the Party that was supposed to be the mythical Swinging Sixties – one of the authors was still unafflicted by puberty while the other was into his third year in a sheet-metal factory, so we certainly weren't invited.

No matter, because we're asking you to project yourself into the very heart of the Swinging Sixties myth – into the lives of the Fab Four themselves. In 1966 the Beatles had given up touring, a practice

that had consumed their lives ever since they'd been catapulted into celebrity in 1963. It had left them some time to take stock of their lives. This helped them as a creative unit – in 1967 they came up with arguably their greatest single *Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields Forever* and with the album *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts' Club Band* which, though it hasn't aged particularly well, was certainly a quantum leap forward for popular music at the time. And they took part in the first worldwide television broadcast, singing *All You Need Is Love* live to an estimated audience of 150 million.

But giving up performing also helped them develop personally in other directions: John Lennon acted in a film called *How I Won The War* (of best-forgotten quality); George Harrison travelled to India to study the sitar and encounter Eastern religion; Ringo Starr concentrated on his expanding home and family; and Paul McCartney wrote some film music and travelled in Africa, though he also felt rather lost (he tried to think about God, he said, but nothing came).

All four of them experimented with drugs, most particularly with the hallucinogen LSD, which was the single greatest chemical contribution to the Sixties. And all four of them discovered the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and his brand of Transcendental Meditation – and took it seriously enough to fly to India and study at his feet in Rishikesh (John and George stuck it out for two months, Paul for one and a homesick Ringo for only ten days).

All of this was a sign that they were taking control of their own destinies instead of being swept along by a tidal wave of money, fame and popular enthusiasm. And Apple (the name was inspired by a Magritte painting that McCartney had recently acquired) was born out of that sense that the Beatles had to start taking responsibility for their world instead of being acted upon by a panoply of 'men in grey suits'.

'The aim isn't just a stack of gold teeth in the bank. We've done that bit. It's more of a trick to see if we can get artistic freedom within a business structure – to see if we can create things and sell them without charging five times our cost.'

John Lennon.

Apple would be everything to everyone. It would be a record label for their own music and for the struggling artists just waiting out there for the benevolent despotism of the Beatles to pluck them from obscurity. It would be a film producer, an electronics company, a retailing outfit and a publishing house. It would be a huge multinational company – and by 1969 Apple had opened offices in Canada, the US, France, West Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sweden and the

Netherlands.

But most important of all it would be the business embodiment of the Youth Revolution which the Beatles helped kick into gear. It would be proof that things could be run in an informal, creative and non-materialistic way. And if a multinational company could be run like this then why not governments, why not the world?

Why not indeed? It was the Summer of Love and the young were setting the controls for the heart of the sun. Money couldn't buy you love but maybe the Beatles' bottomless pockets could buy the world a new order. Or maybe love was all you needed after all.

'We want to help people but without doing it like a charity. We always had to go to the big men on our knees and touch our forelocks and say "Please can we do so and so..." We're in the happy position of not needing any more money, so for the first time the bosses aren't in it for the profit. If you come to me and say "I've had such and such a dream", I'll say to you "Go away and do it".'

Paul McCartney.

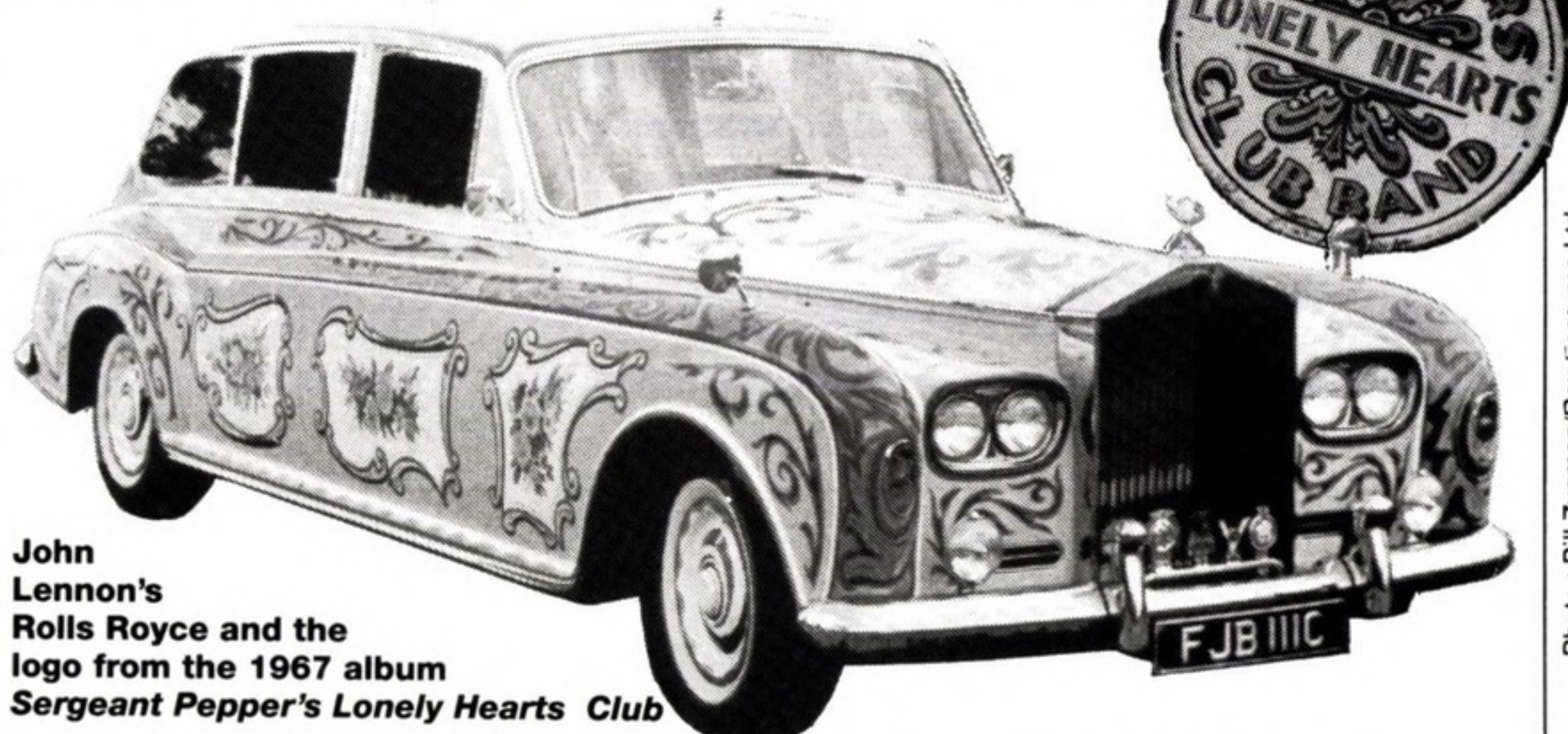
On 7 December 1967 the Apple Boutique at London's 94 Baker Street opened its doors to the world, selling all the bright colours and bamboozling gaudiness of that most extraordinary period in the history of fashion. All was floppy and shapeless, beads and flowers, rainbows and kaleidoscopes, thoroughly and wonderfully absurd. Lennon called it

a 'psychedelic Woolworth's'.

The following April the Apple headquarters was established at 95 Wigmore Street. Grey suits were conspicuous by their absence, though the Beatles emulated the corporate way in one respect – the 15 directors were all men. The Managing Director and his Assistant were the band's two roadies. The Head of Talent for the record company was Paul's girlfriend's brother. It was that kind of place. Friends of friends wandered around. Eternal dreamers were taken at their word. Everyone and his Long Tall

performing a Number One single.

As an example to the world that the young were powerful, that money was not the be-all and end-all, Apple could hardly have been a bigger failure. In the middle of 1969, faced with utter chaos, the Beatles made the ultimate capitulation and called in middle-aged capitalist men in grey suits to straighten things out. Paul invited New York lawyers Eastman and Eastman to take control (his girlfriend's father's firm). A few weeks later John asked the



John Lennon's Rolls Royce and the logo from the 1967 album *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club*

Aunt Sally came to the party and got driven to their executive lunches in fancy cars at the Beatles' expense.

It didn't take long for the cracks to show. Anyone with enough nerve could lay claim to the merchandise. And they did. Two of Apple's cars simply disappeared. A house was bought and no-one knew to whom it belonged. Perhaps the most outrageous scam was operated by the post boys. Arriving with sacks full of mail, they quietly left with those same sacks filled with lead from the Apple building's roof.

'Apple was full of hustlers and spongers... people were robbing us and living on us. Eighteen or twenty thousand pounds was rolling out of Apple a week and nobody was doing anything about it. All our buddies that worked for us for years were just living and drinking and eating like fucking Rome... It was just hell and it had to stop.'

John Lennon.

Apple Records got off to a fine start when its first release, *Hey Jude*, sold three million worldwide in its first month. But selling Beatles records was the easy part, since EMI Records basically still did all the distribution work. The other divisions were a disaster area. The electronics and publishing projects never got off the ground. The Apple boutique closed down after only eight months, most of the clothing having simply vanished. The company's investment decisions were ludicrous and its executives were about as efficient at management as the Board of General Motors would be at writing and

notorious rock manager Allen Klein to do the same. George and Ringo sided with John, and Klein launched into a ruthless purge, clearing out the parasites and the dead wood – but consigning any trace of idealism to the trash can as well.

'We've decided to close the shop down. We're tired of playing shops.'

John Lennon.

It wasn't just the end of the Apple adventure – it was the end of the Beatles. Within eighteen months McCartney was in court dissolving his connection to Apple and the other Beatles. And as the Beatles died, so too did the decade: youthful optimism and a passion for 'liberation' gave way to the oil crisis, Watergate, unemployment and disillusion.

When people of the late 1970s and 1980s remembered those heady times it was the ludicrous lack of realism that they recalled rather than the idealism – 'hippie' had become simply a term of abuse. And a new generation of grey suits exerted greater control than ever before, as if the Apple saga had been read as a fable in which Youthful Naivety got its comeuppance from Business Sagacity.

The pendulum has swung from silly dreaming to grinding pragmatism. But, who knows, the 1990s may yet see a synthesis of the two. Imagine all the Apple seeds bearing fruit 25 years on. Wow, like cosmic, man. □

Chris Brazier is co-editor and Alan Hughes graphic designer at the NI. One of them still has a kaftan in the closet.



Weird and wonderful: Apple Boutique.

Photo: Bill Zygman/Rex Features Ltd

Photo: Rex Features Ltd



KASHMIRI AUBERGINES with APPLE

SERVES 4

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 lb/450g aubergine/eggplant | 1/2 teaspoon ground turmeric |
| 2 cooking apples | 1/4 teaspoon red chilli powder |
| 1/4 teaspoon ground fennel seeds | 1/2 cup mustard or vegetable oil |
| salt to taste | 1/8 teaspoon ground asafetida |

Slice eggplant into 3/4 in/ 1 1/2 cm thick slices. Cut the apple into 6 slices without peeling it. Core the pieces. Put the fennel, salt, turmeric and chilli powder into a small bowl. Add 1 tablespoon/ 15 ml of water and mix to a smooth paste. Heat the oil in a large frying pan. Put in the asafetida and a few seconds later add the apple wedges. Brown the apple pieces lightly on all sides. Drain and set aside. Put the eggplant slices into the same oil and brown on both sides. Drain and set aside. Dip the eggplant and apple pieces in the spicy paste and fry on low heat for 10 minutes. Serve hot.¹

RUSSIAN APPLE FOOL

SERVES 4

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 6 cooking apples | 1 tablespoon blackcurrant jelly |
| juice of one lemon | 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon |
| sugar to taste | 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs |
| 1 glass claret (optional) | |

Peel and slice the apples. Simmer them with a little water and the breadcrumbs, sugar and cinnamon. Blend or sieve them and when cold add the claret, lemon juice and melted blackcurrant jelly. Beat well and serve cold.²

MIDDLE EAST APPLE

and ALMOND DESSERT

SERVES 4

- 4 large cooking apples, peeled, cored and chopped
sugar to taste
50g/1/4 cup ground almonds
25g/1/4 cup raisins or sultanas soaked in water for one hour
50g/1/2 cup dried apricots, soaked in water for 1 hour and chopped into small pieces
60g/1/2 cup whole almonds

Heat oven to 325°F/160°C/Gas 3. Put the apples into a saucepan with a little water and bring to the boil. Then lower heat and simmer until the apples are very soft. Some varieties of apple will purée themselves while cooking which is fine for this dish. Mash the apples with a spoon adding sugar as required. Add the ground almonds and mix well. Scatter the raisins or sultanas, apricots and whole almonds over the surface. Put into the oven for 10 minutes. This dish can also be chilled and served cold.³

Illustrations: Mary Evans Picture Library

APPLE

Apples were developed in Europe world. Here are some international



1 Recipe by Tsoont Vaangan in *A Taste of India*, Madhur Jaffrey (Pan 1985). 2 *The Encyclopaedia of World Cookery*, Elizabeth Campbell (Spring Books). 3 *The New International Food Book*, Troth Wells (New Internationalist 1990). 4 *The Cook Book of the*

AUSTRALASIAN APPLE HONEY SPONGE CAKE

SERVES 6-8

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 6-8 cooking apples | 2 eggs |
| 4 tablespoons honey | 120 ml/1/2 cup milk |
| 100g/8 tablespoons margarine | 250g/1 3/4 cups self-raising flour |
| 50g/1/4 cup sugar | pinch of salt |

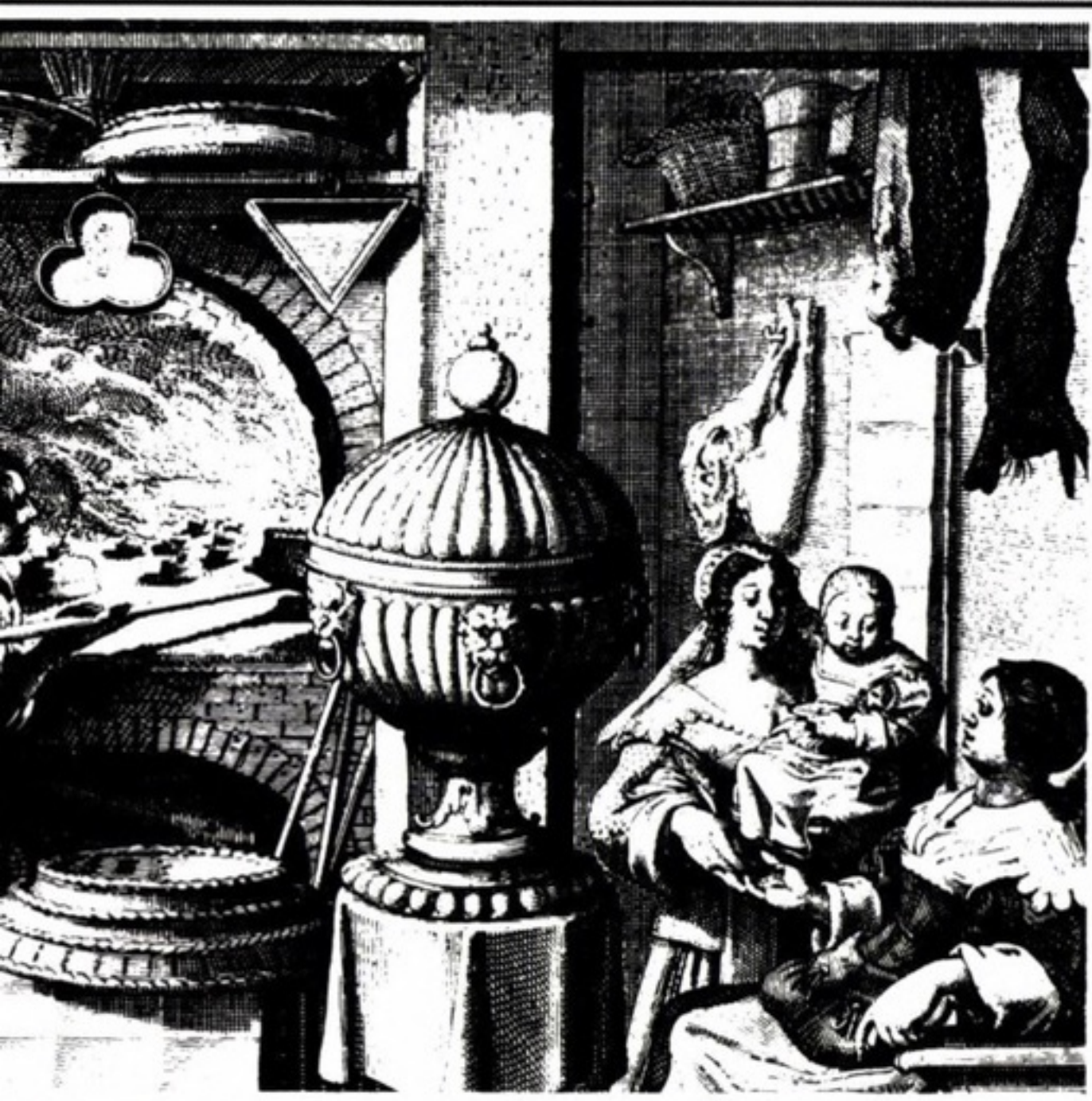
Peel and core apples and stew gently with 2 tablespoons of honey. When cooked, place in a buttered pie dish. Beat butter, sugar and remaining 2 tablespoons of honey to a cream, then beat in the eggs one at a time. Add milk and finally add sifted flour and salt. Cover apples with this sponge mixture and bake in a moderate oven (350°F, 180°C, Gas 3) for 20-30 minutes until cooked.⁴

NEW INTERNATIONALIST / OCTOBER 1990



RECIPES

but today they are eaten all over the recipes to sink your teeth into.



United Nations, Barbara Kraus (Cookery Book Club 1969).
5 Good Food from Mexico, Mulvey and Alvarez (M Barrows and Co 1952). 6 Adapted from *The Bean Book*, Rose Elliot (Fontana 1979).

SAUDI ARABIAN STUFFED APPLES

SERVES 6

6 cooking apples
225g/1 cup cooked chicken, chopped
sugar to taste
1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
50g/1/2 cup bread-crumbs, buttered

Wash and core the apples, making a cavity for the filling. Combine chicken with the ground cloves and stuff the apple cavities. Place the apples in a shallow baking dish with a lid. Sprinkle each apple with 1 teaspoon of sugar and top with breadcrumbs. Cover and bake for 45 minutes or until the apples are tender in a moderate oven (190°C, 375°F, Gas 4). Remove cover and cook for 5 minutes to brown the breadcrumbs.⁴

MEXICAN APPLES with ROYAL EGGS

SERVES 6

6 cooking apples, peeled and cored
sugar to taste
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons raspberry jam
25g/2 tablespoons margarine
3 eggs, beaten
570 ml/2 cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla essence
50g/1/2 cup macaroons, crumbled
120ml/1/2 cup water

Bring to the boil half a cup of water with half the sugar and the lemon juice. Add the apples and simmer until almost tender. Remove the apples into a greased baking dish, fill cavities with jam and top with a bit of marg. Blend eggs and remaining sugar. Add the milk, vanilla and macaroons. Mix and pour around the apples. Bake in a slow oven (325°F, 160°C, Gas 2) for about 30 minutes or until custard is firm.⁵

SOYA BEAN and APPLE CURRY

SERVES 4

175 g/1 cup soya beans, cooked
1 large onion
1 clove garlic
1 cooking apple
2 tablespoons oil
2-3 teaspoons curry powder
sugar to taste
2 tablespoons flour
400 ml/1 1/2 cups water
125 g/1 cup sultanas
sea salt
freshly ground black pepper
lemon juice

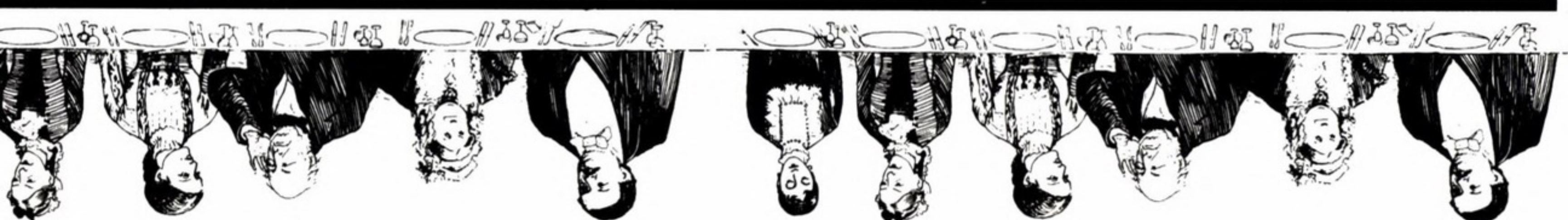
Peel and chop the onion, crush the garlic; core and chop the apple (peeling optional); fry these gently in the oil for 10 minutes then stir in curry powder and flour and continue cooking for 2 minutes. Pour in the water and stir until thickened, then add sultanas and soya beans and simmer gently, covered, for 15 minutes. Season with sea salt and black pepper and add lemon juice and a little sugar to taste. Serve with brown rice, natural yoghurt and mango chutney.⁶

YUGOSLAVIAN APPLE CREAM

SERVES 6

3 eggs, separated
300ml/1 1/4 cups of milk
85g/1/2 cup sugar
1/4 tablespoon gelatine
1 apple peeled and cut into tiny cubes
whipped cream
strawberries

Beat egg yolks until foamy; add the milk, sugar and gelatine softened in a little water, and mix thoroughly. Cook in a double saucepan until thick, stirring continuously. Cool. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Fold egg whites and apple cubes into milk mixture. Pour into an oiled mould and refrigerate. Small moulds may be used. When cream is set, unmould and serve with whipped cream and strawberries.²



Why men hate women

'...And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was a delight to the eyes, and that the tree was to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat; and she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat....' And we all know what happened then – or do we? Celia Kitzinger throws new light on an old story.

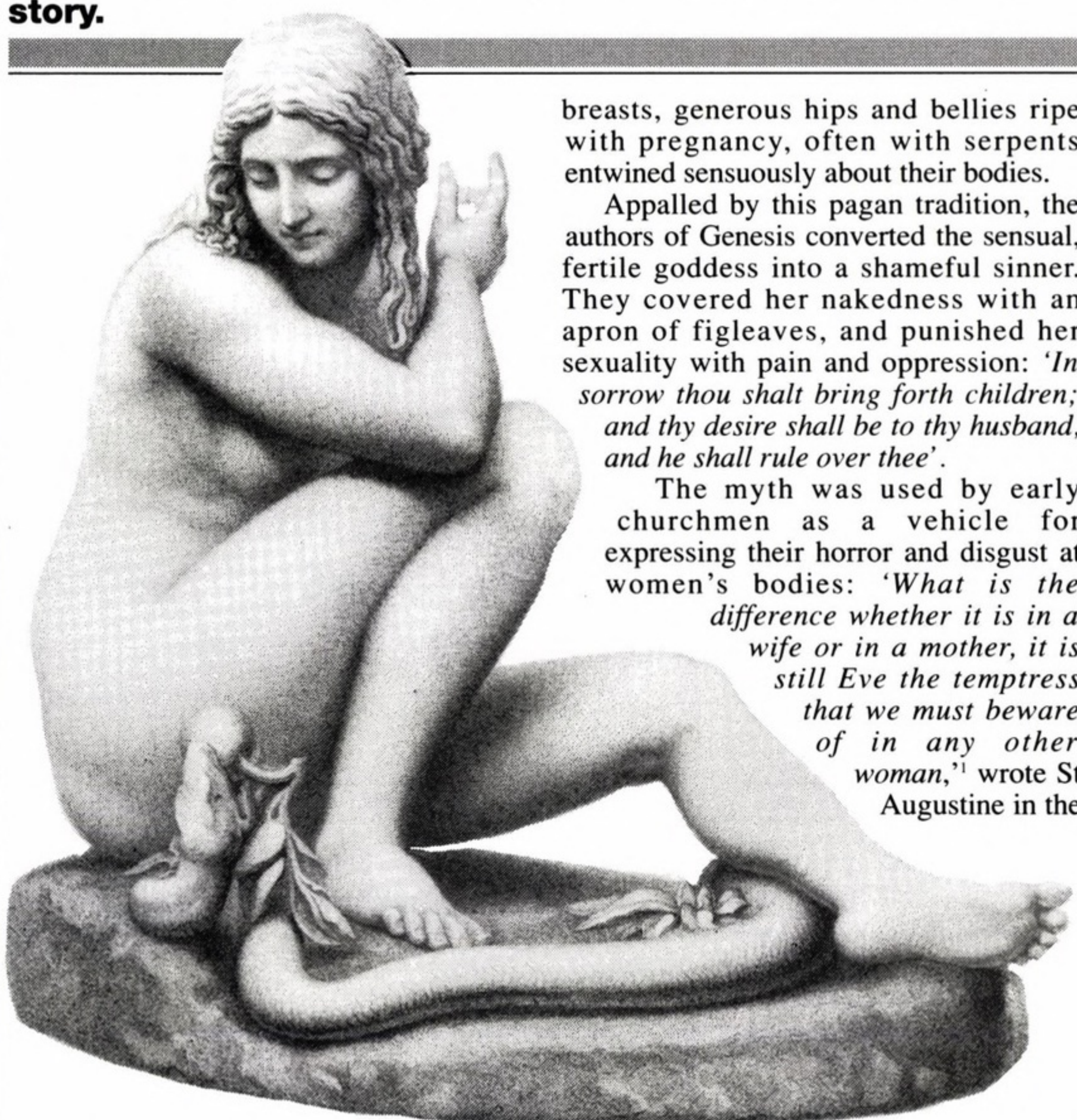


Illustration : Mary Evans Picture Library

breasts, generous hips and bellies ripe with pregnancy, often with serpents entwined sensuously about their bodies.

Appalled by this pagan tradition, the authors of Genesis converted the sensual, fertile goddess into a shameful sinner. They covered her nakedness with an apron of figleaves, and punished her sexuality with pain and oppression: *'In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee'*.

The myth was used by early churchmen as a vehicle for expressing their horror and disgust at women's bodies: *'What is the difference whether it is in a wife or in a mother, it is still Eve the temptress that we must beware of in any other woman,'*¹ wrote St Augustine in the

It almost certainly *wasn't* an apple in the Garden of Eden. The Genesis story refers simply to 'forbidden fruit' and biblical scholars argue that a quince or a fig was more likely.

But in mediaeval woodcuts, on stained-glass windows and in classical Christian art, the apple symbolizes the first sin and Eve is portrayed as the first sinner. Eve the temptress, created by a male deity, formed from the rib of Adam, later to cause the fall of 'man' from grace and innocence – this patriarchal myth of woman underpins Western culture.

In casting woman and serpent as evil-doers, Judaic writers overturned a powerful earlier tradition which associated both with wisdom and fertility. In the ancient goddess religions, snakes were the special companions of women, symbols of sexuality, linked through the shedding of their skins – which was seen as a form of rebirth – with women's creative and reproductive powers. Early Mediterranean statues and reliefs depict fecund goddesses with great nourishing

late fourth century. Projecting all guilt upon women, branding them as lustful allies of the Devil who wean men from God and lead them from the path of virtue, the Genesis story enshrines the myth of feminine evil as a justification for female oppression.

Terrifying hatred

The history of Western men's attitudes to women is a history of woman-hatred, often with terrifying consequences. During the European witch hunts, thousands of women were tortured and murdered when woman-as-Eve was transformed into woman-as-witch. The infamous *Malleus Maleficarum* – a document produced by two Dominican monks who were appointed by Pope Innocent VIII in 1484 to investigate and stamp out witchcraft – states that *'all witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which is in women insatiable'*. The charges levelled against witches included every misogynistic sexual fantasy harboured by the monks and priests who officiated over

the witch hunts: witches copulated with the devil, devoured new-born babies and rendered men impotent. A whole chapter of *Malleus* is entitled: *'How, as it were, they Deprive Man of his Virile member'*.²

Witches were also accused of using herbs to ease the pain of labour at a time when the Church held that pain in childbirth was the Lord's punishment for Eve's original sin. The Inquisitors concluded: *'Blessed be the Most High who has so far preserved the Male sex from so great a crime.'*²

This virulent loathing of women's bodies continued during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in the West: any expression of sexual desire by women was considered filthy, corrupt, sinful and marked them as whores, the daughters of Eve. Upper- and middle-class Victorian men relied on working-class female prostitutes to satisfy their sexual appetites, while demanding the purity of their wives and inflicting upon them the impossibly sentimentalized and saintly ideal of the Virgin Mother.

Middle-class women and girls who expressed sexual feelings – with men or through masturbation – were often diagnosed as 'morally insane' and imprisoned in mental asylums. Others were 'cured' through sexual surgery, including clitoridectomy or 'female circumcision', which doctors first practised on indigent American women and black female slaves.

These same physicians continued a long tradition of viewing menstruation as dirty and dangerous, 'the curse' inflicted upon women because of Eve's sin. The new professions of gynaecology and psychology denounced women's bodies and minds as seriously defective, and used 'scientific' discoveries to justify excluding women from higher education and from political life.

Woman's Bible

The first feminists struggled against ideas like these – often with remarkable humour. Weary of quotations from the Bible being used to lend God's authority to the subjection of women, the leading US feminist Elizabeth Cady Stanton published *The Woman's Bible* in 1895³, a caustic and entertaining commentary on the scriptural passages most favoured by misogynists.

As a comment on Eve's lofty nature she notes that the serpent *'did not try to tempt her from the path of duty by brilliant jewels, rich dresses, worldly luxuries or pleasures, but with the promise of knowledge... and he found in the woman that intense thirst for knowledge that the simple pleasures of picking flowers and talking with Adam did not satisfy'*. Compared with Adam, she says, Eve appears to great advantage throughout the entire drama.

Few contemporary feminists would consider the Bible sufficiently central to

our oppression to be worthy of this sort of attack. Yet the underlying woman-hating motif of the Genesis story is reiterated throughout Western culture, permeating language, law, medicine, psychology, art and literature.

At last count the English language had 220 words (almost all derogatory) for a sexually promiscuous female and only 20 for a sexually promiscuous male (most of these complimentary). Words associated with women are sexualized so that apparently equivalent terms acquire very different meanings. A 'master' exercises authority whereas a 'mistress' is the so-called kept woman. The term 'sir' retains respect while 'madam' refers to someone who keeps a brothel. A 'lord of all he surveys' is quite different from a 'lady of the streets', and the meaning of 'he's a professional' is generally understood differently from 'she's a professional'. Even the word 'woman' is used as a term of abuse.

Likewise, words available to describe female genitals – 'cunt', 'slit', 'crack', 'slot' – reflect centuries of sadistic male use. Too often even modern obstetric medicine treats women's genitals with brutality. A pregnant woman faces cold metal instruments being shoved carelessly into her by clumsy doctors. She endures unnecessary episiotomies – the cutting of skin between anus and vagina – to speed delivery and is then sewn up again 'tight as a virgin for your husband'.

Triumphant phallus

This hostility towards the female body is expressed through pornography – most sickeningly in 'snuff' movies in which the actress is literally murdered on screen. In the pornographic portrayal of the sexual act women are overpowered and silenced,



Witch burning in the Harz Mountains, Germany 1555: thousands of women were burned throughout Europe.



Tormented male desire: lust wrestles with vulnerability, experienced as a threat to manhood.

strapped helpless to tables, bound spreadeagled on beds, humiliated, degraded, gagged, handcuffed, beaten, assaulted with gun, knife, whip, penis. The pornography of pregnancy – in which pregnant women are depicted as whores, huge bellies fetishized, cunts displayed for the camera – is the ultimate '*triumph of the phallus over the death-dealing vagina*'.⁴

Men frequently fear women's sexual power and feel justified in blaming them for acts of male violence. A 12-year-old girl who was raped after visiting her attacker's bedsit for coffee, behaved 'foolishly' commented one British judge in 1988. A few years earlier the judge observed of a 17-year-old girl who was raped by a motorist with whom she hitched a lift after being stranded following a party, that '*the victim was guilty of a great deal of contributory negligence*'.¹ Another rapist was sentenced to only three months in prison because his five-year-old victim was, said the judge, '*an unusually sexually promiscuous young lady*.' He added, '*I do not put blame on the child exactly, but I do believe she was the aggressor*'.⁵

Female sexuality causes men to lose self-control so that they cease to be responsible for their actions – or so runs the accepted wisdom. And in the US one woman continues to be raped every three minutes, one wife battered every 18 seconds.

Roots of hatred

Why do men express such hatred of women? Psychoanalysts suggest that men's gender identity is very fragile because, within typical child-rearing practices, girls can identify with their primary care-taker while boys have to separate themselves from their mother in order to achieve and assert their masculinity.

'The whole process of becoming masculine is at risk in the little boy from the date of his birth on; his still-to-be-created masculinity is endangered by the

primary, profound, primeval oneness with the mother.'⁶ It is only by setting woman apart as Other, by resisting intimacy with her, by treating her with contempt and aggression, that men assert their own independent and fragile masculinity.

And because men have distanced themselves from 'the weaker sex' over the ages, setting themselves up as superior, it must be unbearably humiliating to need and desire women so much. Sex with women can re-evoke in men '*the unqualified, boundless, helpless passion of infancy. If he lets her, she can shatter his adult sense of power and control; she can bring out the soft, wild, naked baby in him*'.⁷

In heterosexual intercourse men risk discovering in women an unsettling power which contradicts and undermines their own more obvious social, political and physical power. No wonder male sexual desire is so desperately tormented and full of conflict.

Because women know men to be vulnerable and fragile, they are often tempted to excuse them as 'just little boys' who need to over-compensate for their sense of inadequacy or 'womb-envy' with acts of spiteful misogyny. Female nurturing is presented as the solution to male violence – as though women haven't been doing that for centuries. Germaine Greer once commented that 'women have very little idea of how much men hate them'. For it is painful to confront the extent of men's hatred. But only when both men and women acknowledge its existence, its extent and its pervasiveness, can we act to end it. □

Celia Kitzinger teaches psychology in London.

¹ *Misogynies*, Joan Smith (Faber and Faber 1989). ² *For Her Own Good*, Barbara Ehrenreich and Deidre English (Anchor and Doubleday 1978) and *Beyond Power: Women, Men and Morals*, Marilyn French (Jonathan Cape 1985). ³ *The Woman's Bible Part One*, Elizabeth Cady Stanton (1895, reprinted Polygon Edinburgh, 1985). ⁴ *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, Andrea Dworkin, (Women's Press, London, 1981). ⁵ *Spare Rib*, Issue 118, 1982. ⁶ *The Sexuality of Men*, ed Andy Metcalf and Martin Humphries (Pluto Press, London). ⁷ *The Mermaid and the Minotaur*, Dorothy Dinnerstein, (Harper and Row 1977).

APPLES - THE FACTS

THE APPLE HIT PARADE

Top ten apples in the world (by production)

1. Red Delicious
2. Granny Smith
3. Golden Delicious
4. Democrat
5. Jonathan
6. Spartan
7. Renette du Canada
8. McIntosh
9. Galas
10. Cox

Top ten apples in the US

Total production 1989 ('000 tonnes)¹

1. Red Delicious 1,851
2. Golden Delicious 693
3. McIntosh 304
4. Rome 257
5. Jonathan 167
6. York 109
7. Stayman 84
8. Newtown 79
9. RI Greening 65
10. Cortland 53



Photo: Camera Press

APPLE NATIONS

Main apple producers 1985² ('000 tonnes)

World	38,072				
Soviet Union	7,000	Turkey	1,772	Iran	1,000
US	3,606	West Germany	1,410	Argentina	982
China	3,500	Poland	1,343	Hungary	980
France	2,315	Spain	1,056	Japan	907
Italy	2,129	India	1,000	Romania	800

● Fruit and vegetables are the second most valuable item to South Africa's economy and earned \$119 million in 1987 – a fall of 5% on 1986 – reflecting the impact of consumer boycotts and sanctions in the West.⁴

● Australia produced 360,000 tonnes of apples in 1989 of which 150,000 tonnes were processed and 20,000 tonnes exported. Of the total produced, 54% were Delicious; 27% Granny Smith; 9% other varieties; 8% Jonathans and 2% early apples.⁵

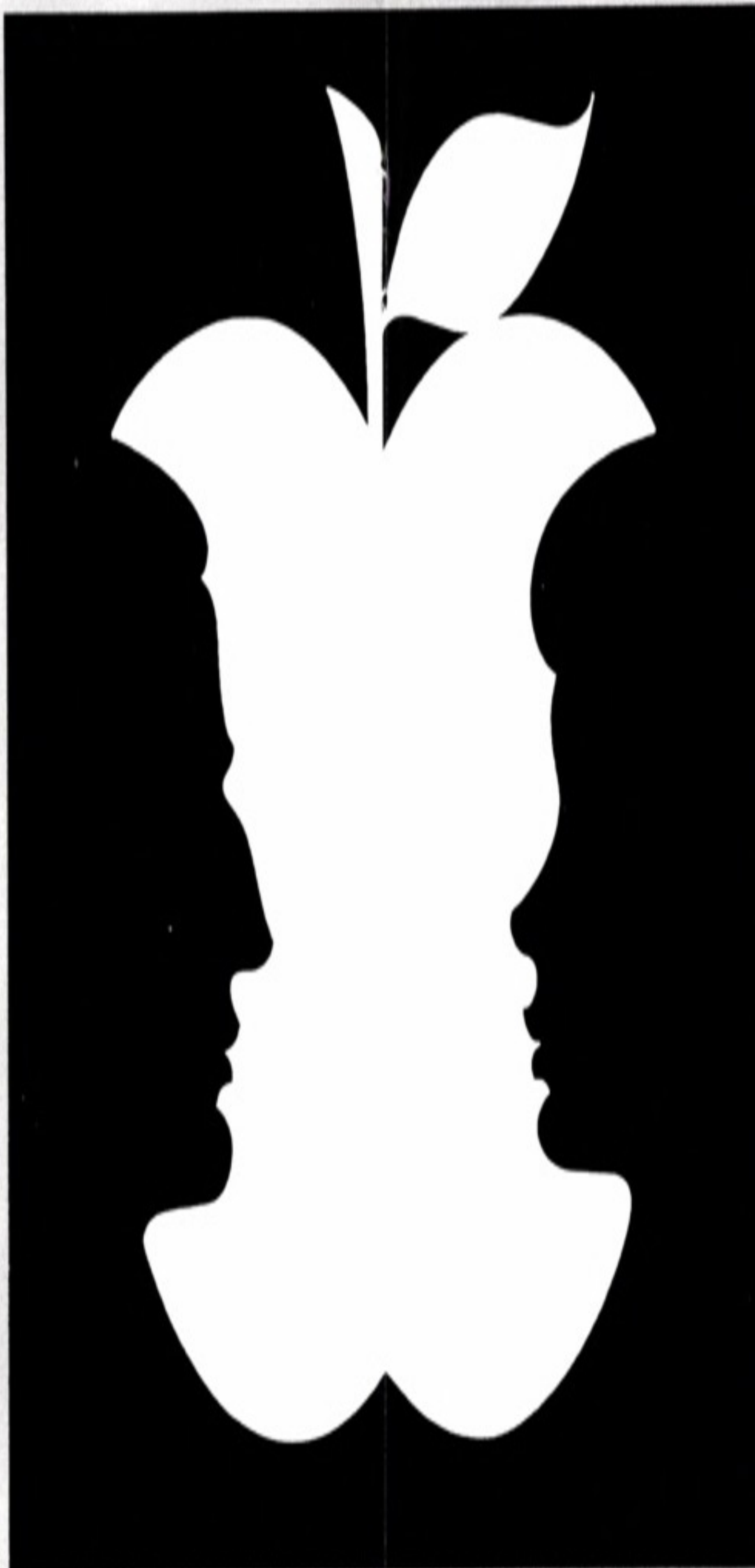
● Over 80% of Aotearoa/New Zealand's apples are grown in Hawke's Bay on

North Island and in Nelson on South Island. They include Granny Smith, Red Delicious, Braeburn, Cox's Orange Pippin and Gala. Around 9.8 million are exported – mainly to the Pacific, South East Asia, Europe and North America.⁶

● Apples are Canada's most important fruit crop. Red and Golden Delicious are most popular, followed by McIntosh, Spy, Cortland, Spartan and Idared.

● Apples are Chile's second largest export crop after grapes (in terms of area planted). Overall shipments of fruit abroad earned \$524 million for Chile in foreign currency during 1988/89.⁷

Apples crop up everywhere from the dinner table to our most ancient myths and legends. The NI examines the facts about this multifarious fruit.



APPLE HEALTH

The saying 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away' contains some truth.

- Recent research suggests that apples – along with some other fruit – contain ellagic acid, which may help us fight off skin and lung cancer.
- For every pound of apples a person eats, the cholesterol level is reduced by one per cent.⁸
- Eating an apple 15 minutes before a meal helps slimming because the cellulose bulk gives a 'full-up' feeling and reduces calorie intake at mealtimes.⁹
- In mediaeval times cider was given to sailors bould on long voyages partly as a palliative for scurvy.¹⁰



APPLE NOURISHMENT

One medium-sized apple (100 grams) contains:¹¹

Calories	Fibre	Vitamins	Minerals
40 ¹	1-2g	B1 - 0.06mg	Potassium - 120mg
		B2 - 0.02mg	Sodium - 2mg
		B5 - 0.10mg	Calcium - 4mg
		B6 - 0.03mg	Magnesium - 5mg
		C - 3.00mg	Phosphorous - 8mg
			Iron - 0.3mg
			Copper - 0.04mg
			Zinc - 0.1mg
			Sulphur - 6mg
Water	Kilojoules	Carbohydrates	Protein
84g	196	12g	0.3g

Illustrations: Mary Evans Picture Library.

APPLE LANGUAGE

The word for apple is similar in many European languages. Celtic: 'abhall'; Cornish: 'avall'; German: 'apfel'; Irish: 'abhal'; Welsh: 'afal'; Dutch: 'appel'. Such words seem to derive from Gothic, which in turn stems from Indo-European. The Latin word for both fruit and apple is 'pomum' and this has given rise to many other European words.

Pomander – a mixture of aromatic substances carried as a scent or as protection against disease. From the Latin *pomum ambræ* meaning 'apple of amber'.

Pome – the fleshy fruit of the apple and related plants, comprising an enlarged receptacle enclosing the ovary and seeds.

Pomme de terre – French for potato meaning *apple of the ground*.

Pomegranate – an Asian shrub or small tree cultivated in semi-tropical regions for its edible fruit – derives from Latin *pomum* meaning 'apple' and *granate* meaning 'full of seeds'.

Pomiculture – fruit cultivation.

Pomology – the branch of horticulture concerned with the study of fruit.



Pomona, Roman goddess of fruit trees.

Apple namesakes

- Tomatoes were once known as 'love apples' and thought to be powerful aphrodisiacs because of their bright colour and sensuous shape.
- Aubergines/eggplants were called 'mad apples' because they were thought to cure insanity.¹²
- Avalon – where the legendary King Arthur went to be healed of his wounds – was named after the Cornish word for apple and was an island of apple trees.¹³

Apple expressions

- In Cockney rhyming slang *apples and pears* means stairs.
- The Australian term *she's apples* means all is well.
- *Apple of my eye* derives from the Bible and means 'child of the eye', child being the eyeball and especially the pupil which is the organ of vision. Its preciousness makes it a symbol of God's love for human beings.¹⁴
- *Apple of discord* comes from a Greek

myth about a golden apple that was inscribed with 'for the fairest'. It was claimed by three goddesses – Hera, Athena and Aphrodite. Paris awarded it to Aphrodite, beginning a chain of events that led to the Trojan War.¹⁵

● *Apples of Sodom* was how ancient writers described fruits that looked delicious but when eaten proved to be full of ashes. It now refers to anything disappointing.¹⁶

● In US slang *apple sauce* is 'nonsense' and an *apple polisher* is a sycophant.¹⁷

APPLE WORSHIP



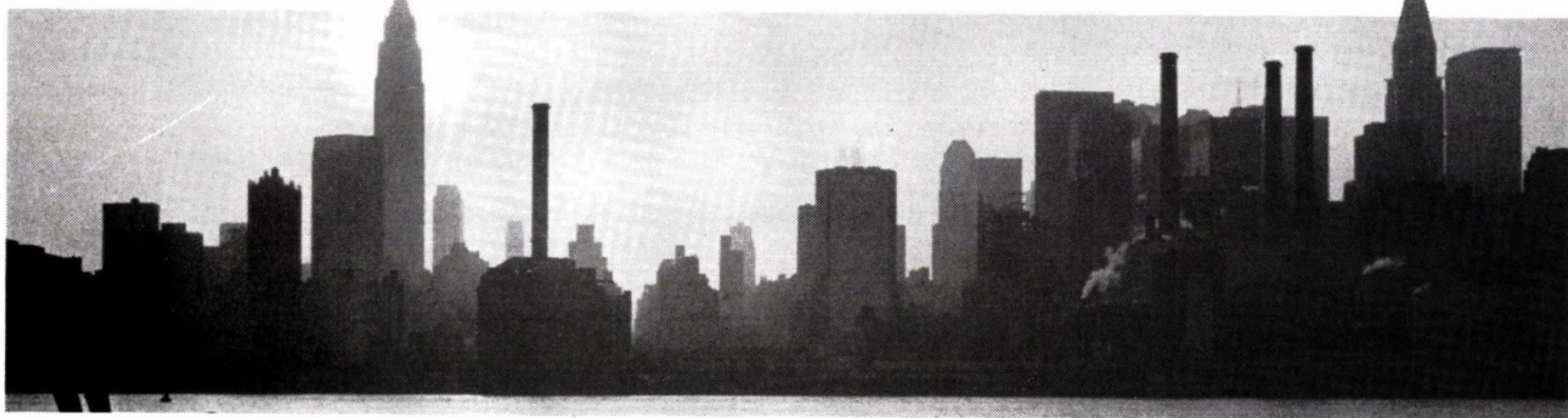
● Wassailing was originally probably a Roman fertility rite to praise and encourage Pomona, the goddess of fruit trees. It is still carried out in parts of the UK on Twelfth Night to ensure a good crop of apples the following year.¹⁸

● The Halloween game of bobbing apples – catching apples in a tub of water with your mouth – probably originated as an ancient harvest rite, possibly again in honour of the Roman goddess Pomona.¹⁹

● In Teutonic²⁰ mythology, heaven was likened to a vale of apple trees tended by the goddess Idun. The apples were the fruits of perpetual youth and gave the gods immortality.²¹

1 Estimated after consultation with experts. 2 US Department of Agriculture, 1990. 3 *The World in Figures*, The Economist 1987. 4 Campaign Briefing No 1, February 1989. 5 Australian Horticultural Corp, 1990. 6 New Zealand Apple and Pear Marketing Board. 7 Ministry of Agriculture in Economic Intelligence Unit Report No 1, 1990. 8 *The English Apple and Pear Development Council* (now disbanded). 9 *The Apple Book*, Peter Blackburne-Maze

(Collingridge 1986). 10 Teutons were ancient Germanic people from Jutland who migrated to Gaul in the second century BC. 11 *Cultivated Fruits of Britain*, FA Roach (Basil Blackwell 1985). 12 *The Fresh Produce Report 2*, Geest/Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Information Bureau. 13 *All the Plants of the Bible*, Winifred Walker (Lutterworth Press 1958). 14 *Dictionary of the Bible* 1901. 15 Collins English Dictionary.



Big Apple rap

New York may be the flashiest, splashiest, glitziest city in the world. But who can find a decent apple there? Maggie Black hits the streets.

THE Big Apple. New York, New York. Temptation, all golden deliciousness, money, high living, the good time, the big break, succulent, enticing. Go on, take a bite do. Break that shiny skin, savour that juicy mouthful, but watch out. Inside, if you care to look, there's rottenness around the core and a worm or two threatening to reduce the whole glorious promise to a pulp.

That's about as far as the apple metaphor will stretch, no distance at all, scarcely a block. No farther than the hop from Battery Park to the Staten Island Ferry (at 25 cents, the best and cheapest ride in town) or from the Plaza Hotel to Central Park (take a horse-drawn carriage if you've got the time and money).

Apple? Where? Try Zabar's, fancy food and kitchen goods. The Russian Tea-Room or the Hard Rock Café? No way. Oh I know. The Farmer's Market in Union Square on Saturday morning when the drug pushers have all been moved on. Clever.

Rush rush, Reebok sneakers on the feet whatever else you're wearing, whether it's jeans, sable, Norma Kamali or Calvin Klein. If you trip in a pot-hole you can sue City Hall or send a postcard to complain: 'Please draw a pot-hole in this space'. If you're in a wheelchair, the bus will sigh, kneel down for you, turn its steps into a hoist and lift you in. Everyone's on the express track frantic to get somewhere.

'Walk' commands the traffic light in white, 'Don't walk' in red. Who said New York was an apple? Don't know lady, but we're stuck with it now. Red Apple supermarkets, popcorn and chicken wings. Apple clothes stores, chrome interiors and cheap dazzle. Bank at an apple, stick an apple on a computer. Buy a T-shirt: 'I (heart) the big (pomme)'. What's with this Apple thing?

It can't be the shape, that's more like a banana. Nor the tang of dewy freshness, not in a city where buildings hem in the air and leave it sitting there for days,

where dustbins tethered in the street give out the soft breath of decay and joggers fill their lungs with car exhaust. It's not the healthy glow of rosy cheeks: colour of that kind comes from the make-up counters snaking through every department store. Bloomingdales present Poison, scent for the smart and savvy, New York's finest.

It wasn't apples Ivana Trump had puffed up. Cheeks yes, apples no. There she was, wife of billionaire Donald and mistress of the Plaza Hotel, needing a more extravagant figure to match the vulgar opulence of her excess. Some people's apples come blown in steuben glass or studded with multi-carat baubles. At cocktail hour they're there in the bar as a motif on the coasters.

Move over, apple. Give some other

fruit a chance. The Big Plum. No, that wouldn't do. The Big Peach? Give me a fruit with exhilaration, energy, a thrusting fruit, bursting out, that's New York for you. As far ahead as you can get, stretch the limo round the corner to your new address on Madison or Park. As far up as you can go, 100 floors to the top of the World Trade Center, but wear a tie or they won't allow you in the bar. As far out as you can be, grooving at a Chelsea jam session, little foil papers with white powder swapping hands and noses in the restroom. As far down as you can fall, asleep on the hot-air grating in a cardboard overcoat, lifting skirts to loose a flood of urine in the gutter.

'Big' is natural in New York, where everything is big conceptually even if it's small. A one-person show at an off-off-off Broadway theatre, a Tiffany billfold, a slice of Black Forest gâteau in the Plaza palm court for tea, a singing telegram, a black cat landing four-square safe after falling from the 32nd floor. Only in New York. Only less conspicuous than a King Kong inflatable on the spire of the Empire State, the three-ringed circus at Madison Square Garden, the skyline of Central



Poverty increases in New York: a homeless mother begs on a Manhattan subway.

Electronic sweatshop

Information is power and computers give both to ordinary people – or do they? Barbara Garson peels back the truth about Apple computers and their ilk.

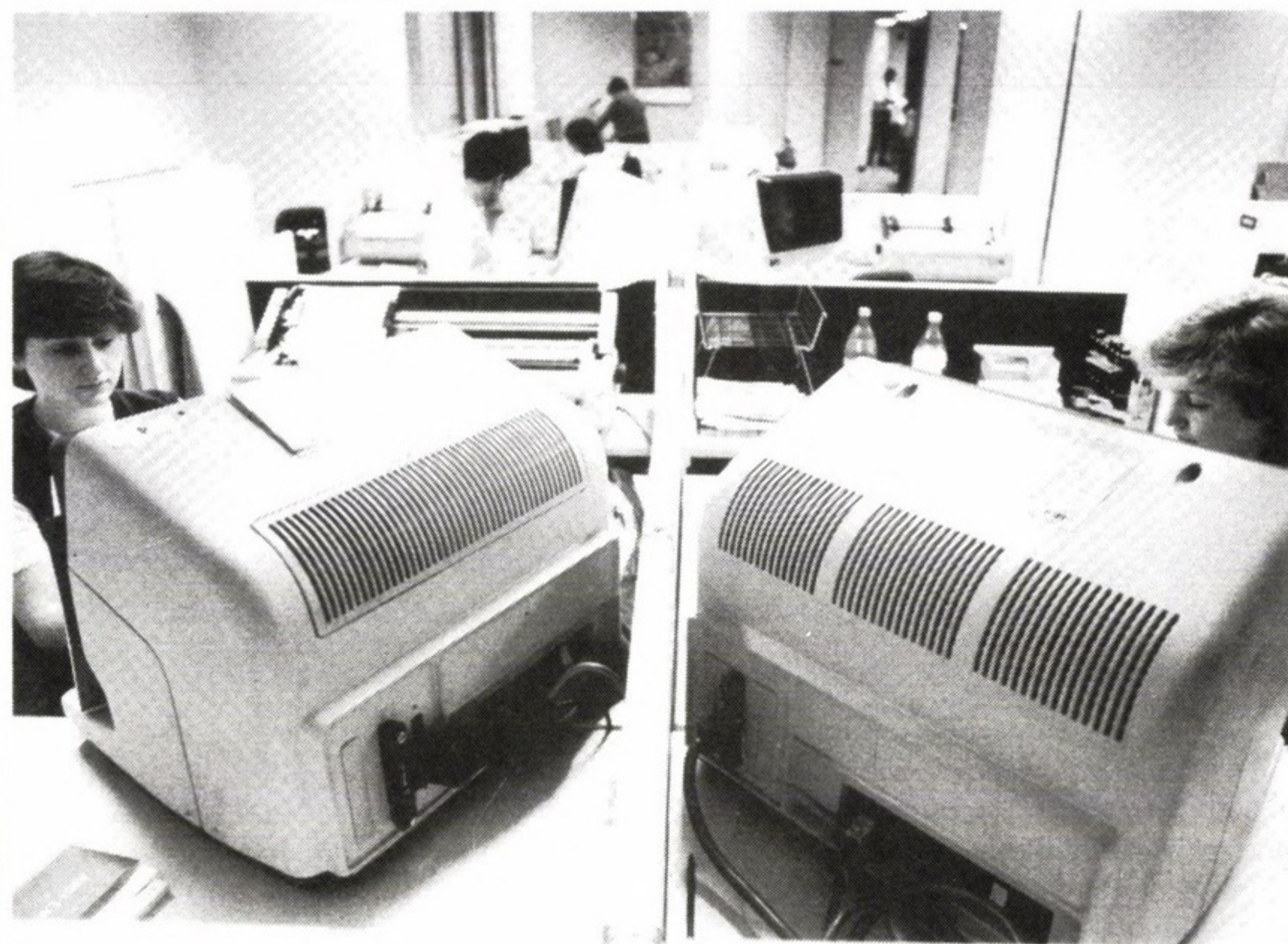


Photo: Mike Abrahams/Network

IN 1976 Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak began selling Apple computers to ordinary humans – as opposed to businesses – for \$666 a throw. It was like stealing fire to give to humans. 'We build a device that gives people the same power over information that large corporations and the Government have had over people,' proclaimed one promotional video made by Apple Computer Company.

But the computer did not extend my power when I first worked on one in 1980. In fact it seemed to siphon autonomy and information away from me and back to the people at the top.

I was working as a data clerk in the basement of a Wall Street bank. It was one of those windowless back offices where dozens of women sat spaced apart keying numbers with one hand while turning little slips of paper with the other. Oddly enough there were apparently no supervisors: just a young man in a glass booth who occasionally changed the printer ribbons on the computers. Yet the women worked non-stop, their fingers flying in a blur. I wondered why they didn't pause to stretch or joke. But since I was new, I didn't either.

Then one night on a late shift, the young man in the booth came over and said, 'If you are going to stay, you'll have to get your productivity up'.

I asked what he meant. He led me to his booth and typed a few keys on the control panel. A welter of figures shot up telling him when I had started work, how

often I took a break to scratch my nose or eat a mint and exactly how many key strokes I'd done all evening. I was well below my statutory 15,000 key strokes an hour.

Later an older woman called Dorothy tried to comfort me. She had seen through the glass booth how flustered I was. And she told me that, while working at another bank, she had once been summoned to an office four flights away. There 'a kid in a white leather blazer' had asked her 'Dorothy, do you have some problem at home?' 'No, I don't think so,' she had replied, surprised. 'Well your key stroke count fell to under 9,000 an hour after lunch two days in a row,' he had said. 'Are you sure you haven't got any problems?'

Dorothy changed jobs. 'But,' she consoled me, 'that's how it is everywhere now. With computers they can always see what you are doing. You'll get used to it.'

That was my first experience of electronic monitoring. Work places have always had supervisors to measure output, so it is hard to explain why it was so much more painful to work plugged into the big brain. But it was. In 1981 the US National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health found higher stress levels among electronically monitored clerks than among any other occupational group that they studied.

We clerks might have found comfort if we had known that many floors above us a few of the bank's more senior personnel were smuggling personal computers into

Park West, the largest Gothic cathedral in the world, the 60-foot Norwegian Christmas tree in Rockefeller Plaza.

The Apple embraces, accommodates. The small man, Polish, mending shoes and making good for 50 years in the cubbyhole of a shop at a prime mid-town location. The biggest of them all, Italian, *capo di tutti capi*, parking on his way to dine, gunned down right there, just outside. The President, one of many, passing down the same block in bulletproof black glass en route to the podium in the UN General Assembly.

A city of extremes: extreme wealth, extreme generosity, extreme brutality, desperation, poverty. Some parts vanity, others discomfort and bitterest shame. In the tatty brilliance of Times Square, a young kid props up a doorway eating a hamburger, payment for a dirty fumble in the dark a long way from home. In the night-time shelter for the homeless, among the prostrate figures on camp-beds, a solitary woman weeps the hours away. In the nether regions of the Parking Violations Bureau or the City Park Commission, someone plans an even bigger rip-off than the last.

In New York the timid never make it. Things and people demand to be noticed, shout and carry on, wave their legs in the air. Even the tin cup – 'veteran, hungry and sick, please help' is thrust in your face, right up under your carefully folded *New York Times* while you strap-hang on the subway. And if the statement's not loud enough, or bold enough, or crude enough, be sure it will be simply trashed. Humdrum is a no-no. And yet New Yorkers love their apple, plain old fruit, ordinary as pie.

At last, a real apple, there on that fruit-stand, the actual McCoy. Red, polished, uniformly big and beautiful. Rows of them, punctuating the greens and oranges of the ubiquitous Korean store, flown in from California, arrived at John F Kennedy airport this morning at 4 am. Those Koreans, aren't they marvellous? Never used to have the choice, never used to have the freshness, clock-round.

Oh but what a disappointment: soft flesh, tasteless and textureless as cotton wool. There you are, just like New York. Empty beneath her sumptuous robes. How can you say that? There's nothing like New York, nothing anywhere in the world. I love New York. I hate New York.

No-one knows for sure how the Big Apple got its name. But they say that in the Jazz Age, the bands touring the out-of-town locations sighed for their crack at the big one, waiting for their bite at the best. The Apple. The juiciest, splashiest, excitingest city in the world, the ultimate metropolis. Bite hard and beware. □

Maggie Black was lured from NI co-editorship to the Big Apple where she worked for UNICEF. She has recently returned to the UK to work as a freelance journalist.



Liberation or limitation? Cut off by a technological wall with only the supervisor for company.

the building in a bid to free themselves. This phenomenon happened regularly in the early stages of personal computers. And many companies banned the practice entirely in a way which seemed to justify Apple's claim that their machine was inherently revolutionary.

Computer invasion

Nevertheless by 1980 Apple was a \$300 million company and personal computers had so successfully invaded the office that in 1981 IBM – which had originally scorned the little machine – introduced its first model called simply the IBM PC.

For clerical workers, secretaries and others the impact was devastating. In 1985 I received letters from several women who described themselves as 'former secretaries' for Proctor and Gamble. They invited me down to Cincinnati, Ohio, to observe networked computing – or personal computers which are linked together so that information can be transferred from one to another.

Proctor and Gamble had 60,000 employees and was known as a firm that almost never laid people off. Indeed when I arrived many of the 'former' secretaries were still working for the company. The women explained that they were 'former' in the sense that since computers had been installed, they used few of their old secretarial skills. Instead they had been separated from their 'bosses' and relegated to word-processing pools to type for 'dictators'.

This is a standard way to implement word processing: the 'pool' breaks secretarial work down into a few routine activities like typing, making travel reservations and answering the phone. I wasn't surprised when the supervisor of one new work centre said to me, 'Oh

Barbara, it's such a waste – such a waste of people. The way they put in word processing there, a lot of smart women are getting dumb very fast.'

During my visit to Proctor and Gamble I expected to spend most of my time listening to smart women complain about having their key strokes counted. But surprisingly, most of the complaints about monitoring came not from secretaries but from their former bosses.

Many felt shocked and betrayed when confronted by computer-collected statistics on their productivity. 'But what is countable may not be what counts,' lamented one executive who had himself supervised a hundred engineers. Despite the liberating potential of the personal computer, information was flowing away from the person with the machine on their desk and up to the man – as it usually was who owned it. I decided to move up too.

Big brother

Back on Wall Street I talked about monitoring systems to a Senior Vice President of a prestigious brokerage. 'You see,' he said, tapping furiously at the terminal before him, 'they have a lot of information on me. With computers they can do all kinds of breakdowns: what I did last week, last month, last year. They can calculate not only how much business I'm doing but exactly how much money they will make on each piece of business. So now the pressure on the broker is not only to do more business but to do it in exactly their way.'

Moving even higher up the occupational ladder, I interviewed Admiral Thomas H Moorer – NATO's former Supreme Allied Commander in the Atlantic and Chair of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff. He complained that with

computers he didn't get to pick his own bombing targets any more.

Now frankly, an admiral who doesn't pick his own bombing targets and a broker who can't choose his own investments don't seem as oppressed to me as a clerk who isn't allowed to press her own return key. But, as men used to fighting for power, both were well placed to explain how the computer does or does not redistribute that power.

One thing was certain. Both men wanted computers when they controlled the direction in which the information flowed. The big broker even asked me, as I left his office, if I could recommend someone to design a programme that would let him keep track of his clients' accounts as he traded. 'But I don't think they would let me run it on the company's machine,' he added regretfully. 'It's a political matter.'

Admiral Moorer also liked computers. In the mid-1950s he had introduced them to the Naval College in Rhode Island. But he had experienced complications when using them for logistics in Vietnam. 'The problem is not the computers,' the Admiral emphasized. 'But our record-keeping system generates... information that lets a lot of people ask me how I conduct my business.' He was referring to print-outs that had enabled the US Congress to discover that he had been secretly bombing Cambodia.

I may not sympathize with the bombing. But I certainly know how it feels to be called to a distant office where your bosses have been tracking your movements through your 'own' computer.

'But,' the Admiral repeated, 'let us not blame computers. It is not a technical question, it is a political question.' And he was right.

If it was merely a technical matter, personal computers would have meant increased autonomy for office workers just as Apple's founders predicted. Instead by 1984, when personal computers were abundant, the US Department of Labor estimated that nearly two-thirds of people who worked on Visual Display Terminals in the US were monitored by their employers.

It took a little time for employers to depersonalize personal computers. But in the end new technology was used to reinforce the old office relationships. He who pays the piper calls the tune. □

Barbara Garson is author of the play *MacBird* and the book *The Electronic Sweatshop: How Computers are Transforming the Office of the Future into the Factory of the Past* (Penguin 1989).

Steve Jobs, who started the Apple Computer Company in California, named the company after his favourite fruit. The Macintosh computers which the company manufactures are called after a popular American apple.

Hand to mouth

Next time you bite into a Chilean apple, spare a thought for the person who picked it. Holly Johnson and Laura Clarke meet the farmworkers of San José de Penuelas.

DARKNESS envelops the village of San José de Penuelas in Chile's central fruit-growing region beneath the Cordillera. Only candlelight and the murmur of voices indicate that life exists inside the shadowy shacks. The apple-picking season ended in April but the pickers remain because they have no money to leave and there is no work anyway.

Tonight the labourers have gathered at a friend's house to discuss whether the new government will resolve their biggest problems like the lack of decent housing, running water and electricity. A union organizer has travelled from Santiago to explain how the new union, *El Libertador*, is co-ordinating a plan to enable seasonal workers to qualify for government-subsidized housing.

The apple pickers or *temporeros* desperately need the union's help. This year they earned only \$3.50 a day during the harvest. And that only lasted from mid-February to late April. Some labourers had jobs for about a month beforehand when the trees were thinned and again in May when pruning started. But this was such specialized work that only a lucky few got it, and none of those were women.

After apple-picking some *temporeros* pack tobacco but this is small-scale work lasting just two or three weeks. As always, this winter most labourers will live a hand-to-mouth existence until the grapes are ready for thinning in late August. After that they will pick summer fruit until next winter grinds around.

Picking apples is hard work. The men climb ladders to reach the most inaccessible fruit while the women collect apples in hessian sacks which they heave down the field slung over their backs. Teams of 10 people work in rows, each under the scrutiny of a team-boss who determines the pace of picking. The days are relentlessly hot and long, and the *temporeros* are hungry most of the time.

They report to work at 8.30am on an empty stomach. No lunch is provided and it does not take long to eat what little they bring – a bit of salad, some bread and maybe a hard-boiled egg.

After the long day finishes, most pickers labour an extra hour to earn a rest on Saturday afternoon. Sunday is paid overtime but few can afford to take time off. Seasonal work is so uncertain that the pickers are forced to work whatever the conditions just to make a few extra pesos.

The lack of organization among *temporeros* is integral to the country's

busy fruit production and export business. Only about 10 per cent of the Chile's estimated 400,000 *temporeros* belong to any kind of union. And the slick export companies and landowners are anxious to keep it that way in order to retain total flexibility in hiring, firing and setting their wage levels.

There is no legal mechanism for collective bargaining by agricultural workers. The re-emerging unions have pressed the newly inaugurated democratic government to modify its code of labour practices. But it is unlikely that collective bargaining by farmworkers will be implemented since the Government has a minority in the Senate – with nine senators

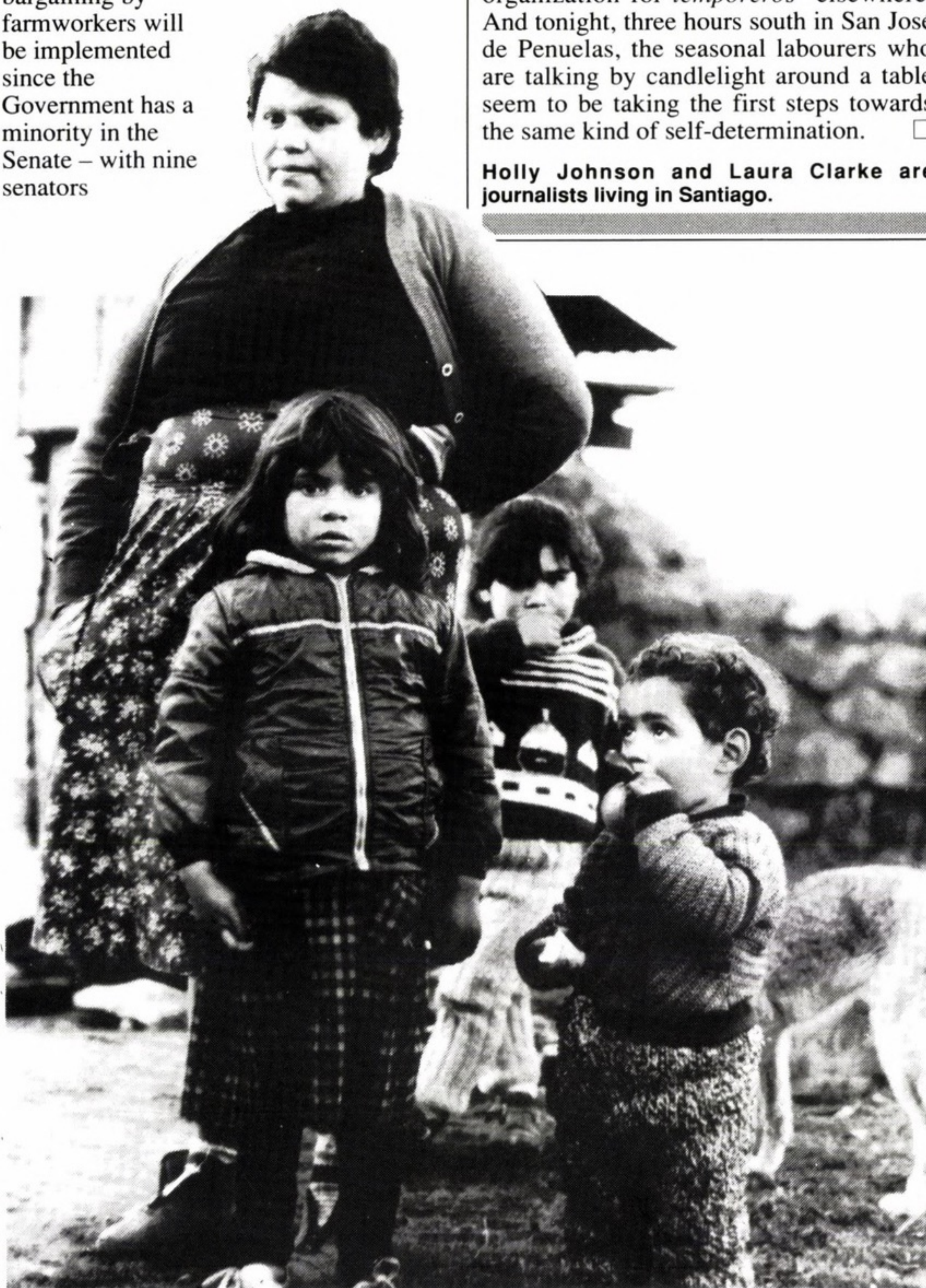
bequeathed by former president Pinochet. Moreover many right-wing senators are landholders who will not be enthusiastic about altering the status quo.

Yet *temporeros* must organize if they are to improve their working and living conditions. And this is beginning to happen. In one area of the central fruit-growing region, north-east of Santiago, 600 seasonal workers have joined a new union set up to address the needs of the seasonal labourers and their families and to negotiate with employers.

Local and migrant labourers, supported by sociologists and the Catholic Church, run a social centre which houses 50 migrant labourers and offers communal lunches, child care for under-10-year-olds, recreational activities, vocational training and preventative health care. They also provide *temporeros* with off-season work.

The project serves as a model of organization for *temporeros* elsewhere. And tonight, three hours south in San José de Penuelas, the seasonal labourers who are talking by candlelight around a table seem to be taking the first steps towards the same kind of self-determination. □

Holly Johnson and Laura Clarke are journalists living in Santiago.



Waiting for work: a family of seasonal apple pickers in San José de Penuelas, Chile.

Photo : Juan Angel Pogonza



A history of the apple

Apples have been with us since the dawn of recorded time, in countless varieties of colour, shape and size. But the late twentieth century is in danger of squandering its heritage.

1. Prehistoric wildings 8,000 BC –

Human beings have been munching apples since prehistoric times. They spat out apple pips in neolithic Britain. And 10,000 years ago they left apple remains to carbonize around their Swiss and Italian lakeside homes. In Switzerland and in the regions adjoining the Caucasus mountains, ancient humans even appear to have dry-stored apple-halves for winter. But these were wild crab apples, tiny wizened fruit which, in Ancient Britain, came to be known as 'wildings'. They had little in common with the apples we know today.



2. Early ancestors 2,000 BC –

The exact origins of what we recognize as apples are rather obscure but they are generally thought to come from the Caucasus Mountains in Asia Minor, near where seventeenth-century historians located the Garden of Eden. By 2,000 BC they had reached the eastern Mediterranean, probably carried by merchants and travellers down the prehistoric trade routes which crossed the Middle East. From Palestine apples were taken to Egypt and cultivated in the Nile delta during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries BC, where they were regarded as a luxury. Apples were also taken west to Greece and Italy, and Homer refers to them in *The Odyssey*, which was written between 900 and 800 BC.



3. Roman roots 300 BC –

As apples spread around the world, different varieties emerged to cope with their new environments. And the Romans added to this range by deliberately breeding apples for taste and size. Writers like Virgil, Cato and Pliny were able to list two dozen varieties of apple. And a contemporary of theirs, Columella, describes and recommends distinct kinds like the Armerian, the Cestine and the Syrian, showing that apple-growers used the same system of naming as today – after the finder, some benefactor or notable person, or the place where the apple came from. Apples became a favourite fruit for the Romans, and they were dried and served as a relish in winter or eaten sour in the summer as refreshment after arduous work. The Roman armies carried apples across Europe, planting pips wherever they settled. And in this way apples marched northwards.



4. Norman knowledge 1000 AD –

From the Romans the French learned great fruit-growing skills which were developed in the monasteries. This knowledge – which included expert cider-making – was taken to Britain during the Norman Conquest in 1066, along with new varieties of cider and dessert apples. Several kinds of apples still remained in Britain from Roman times, like the dessert apple, Decio – thought to have been introduced by the Roman general, Etio. But most Roman varieties were unsuitable for the British climate and the Norman varieties rapidly took precedence. British monks continued experimenting and developing new apples, and it is from these varieties that Western apples are largely descended.



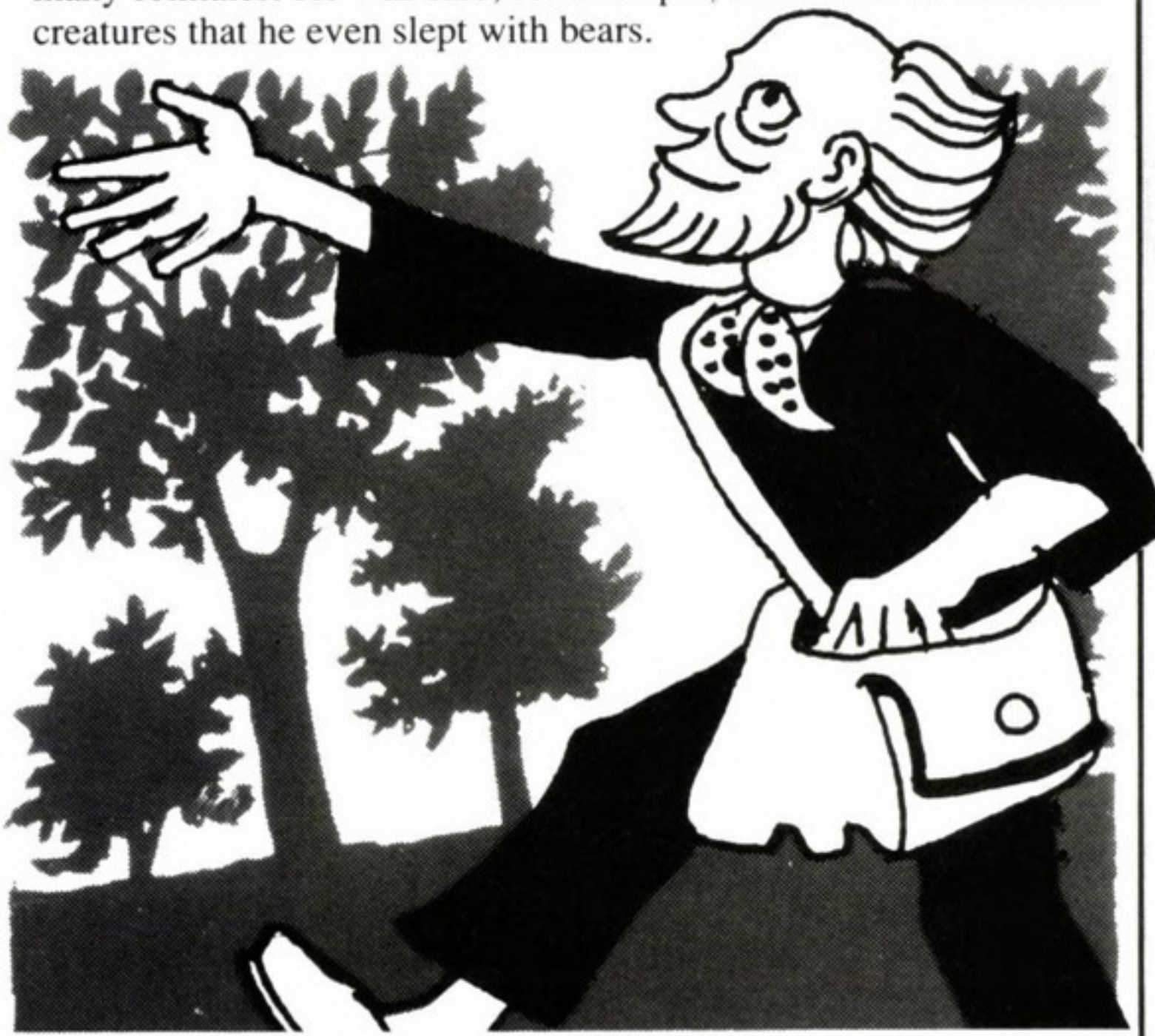
5. Mediaeval favourites 1200 –

Several kinds of apples became established in Britain during the thirteenth century. The Old English Pearmain, recorded in 1204 and so named because of its pear-like shape, was the main dessert apple until well into the eighteenth century. Its cooking partner was the Costard which was sold in the markets of Oxford from 1296 until the end of the seventeenth century and bequeathed us the word 'costermonger' – meaning someone who hawks fruit and vegetables in the street. But prosperity declined as the country was hit by successive droughts, the Black Death and the Wars of the Roses. Fewer apples were produced and more were imported. This went on until the sixteenth century when Henry VIII ordered his chief fruiterer, Richard Harris, to visit France and learn about apple cultivation. Harris returned with a 'great store of grafts' including the famous Pippins, from which he grew the first ever modern-style orchard at Teynham in Kent.



6. Settler treasure 1750 –

By the seventeenth century apples were so popular in Britain that the first settlers who sailed to Canada, Australia, the US, South Africa and Aotearoa/New Zealand took apples and apple-pips with them, counting these among their most treasured possessions. Captain Bligh of the *Bounty* took the first apples to Australia; Jan van Riebeeck, the founder of Cape Settlement, took them to South Africa and the Pilgrim Fathers who boarded the *Mayflower* carried them to America. In North America the most famous apple-planter was John Chapman or 'Johnny Appleseed'. Born in 1774, he planted seedling nurseries from Pennsylvania in the east through Ohio into Indiana in the west. The Indians regarded him as a medicine man and his apple-tree enthusiasm, odd clothing and religious devotion – he distributed religious tracts torn in parts for widespread circulation – started many folktales. He was said, for example, to be so kind to God's creatures that he even slept with bears.



7. American apples 1800 –

Many different varieties of apples emerged in the US and its apple industry was set in motion by Henderson Luelling – a fortune hunter who went west during the gold rush in a covered wagon full of soil and apple trees. He was left behind by the rest of the wagon train because his vehicle was so cumbersome. But he met a William Meek in Washington State and together they started planting orchards. Apples were in great demand from the gold prospectors in the Western States. And by the time local demand declined, a railway had been built enabling apples to be distributed across the entire North American continent.



8. Modern Delicious 1850 –

About the same time in Iowa, a Quaker farmer called Jesse Hiatt discovered a sucker sprouting from the roots of a dead tree. The shoot grew into an apple tree bearing a totally new apple which Hiatt named 'Hawkeye'. He sent it to a fruit show and on biting into one the judge exclaimed 'delicious, delicious'. In 1895 the apple was introduced to the trade as a 'Delicious' and became one of the most widely grown apples in the world.



9. Granny Smith 1850 –

Another of the most famous modern apples was discovered in Australia by Maria Anne Smith. The daughter of transported convicts, Maria was fiercely independent, rejecting both the criminal life of her parents and the bureaucratic hypocrisy of the colonial administration. She worked as a midwife in the small township of Eastwood in New South Wales where she was known as 'Granny Smith' because she had delivered so many babies. But as her husband's health declined she took on responsibility for maintaining the farm and orchard which was the family's main source of income. One day in 1868 she found a small tree pushing its way through a pile of discarded fruit. She transplanted it and before long was harvesting the world's first major crop of green apples, soon to be famous all over the world. When asked how the tree came about she said 'Well, it's just like God to make something useful out of what we think is rubbish' – a comment which referred not only to the fruit but also to her own convict origins.



10. Uniformity rules 1950—

Apples are now grown all over the world from Himachal Pradesh in northern India to small luxury orchards throughout Africa. Most though are grown commercially and come from just half a dozen varieties – usually chosen for their red skin or because they travel well rather than because they taste good. A plague of uniformity is sweeping the world, numbing the taste buds and reducing the gene pool. While amateur gardeners in the UK have kept many old apple varieties alive, the US has lost forever most of the apples it had 100 years ago.

But consumers are starting to demand more variety. We can't leave the responsibility of saving diversity in our apples – or any other food – up to the random selections of amateur gardeners. We must insist on a world where natural diversity is valued and protected for the benefit of all.



The apple, the madman and a very clever pig

Knowledge could prove a useful ally in the battle between Good and Evil – but only if it falls into the right hands. A fruity tale by Robert Woods.

WELL, regarding this business of Buffy and the apple, you know – the pig doesn't come into it until the end. Buffy was a young man at the time, just setting out on the journey of life, if you know what I mean. He'd finished school and was trying to decide between art college to become a painter, and university to be a poet; his family wanted him to train for accountancy but he wasn't having any of that. Good friends we were, Buffy and I, all through school, even though he was much the cleverer. That was before he saw the apple.

We both saw it, actually. More and more fruits they seemed to be importing in those days, all colours. Purples and reds and deep shining oranges, and yellows straight out of Gauguin. They were gleaming under a stripy awning outside the greengrocer's, from all sorts of exotic places: a piled cornucopia of temptation on the lovely dark green artificial grass. I remember years ago, when apples, bananas and oranges were the only fruit you could buy. Dates were for Christmas, anything more unusual like melon was immoral, and kiwi-fruit hadn't been invented.

But on that day there was a new variety of fruit, a single example, perched on top of the pile. It was Buffy, the curious one, who asked whether it was an apple.

The greengrocer was large, round and taciturn with a white apron wrapped completely around his waist like a sheet which brushed the floor.

'In a manner of speaking, I suppose,' he said, 'It's The Apple.'

You couldn't describe its colour, except that there seemed to be depths within it, and depths within depths.

I was all for passing by on the other side of the road, but Buffy wouldn't let it drop.

'The Apple that grew in the Garden of Eden. The Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.' The greengrocer seemed unperturbed by the import of what he was saying. He might have been discussing bananas.

Buffy laughed. 'The publicity schemes they do think up,' he said.

'No, sir. Not an advertising slogan.



No more than the truth.'

'You mean they've identified the species of tree – some evolutionary left-over from pre-history which they are propagating?'

'No, sir.' The greengrocer spoke with exaggerated patience as though explaining something to a backward child. 'That's not how the knowledge of Good and Evil spreads.'

Buffy picked the apple from the pile and shuddered. 'Ugh, it's been bitten.' Scars of flesh showed pale against the skin.

'Course it has. Twice. Once by Eve, once by Adam.'

'Don't be silly, it would have rotted if it was that ancient.'

'The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge? God's special fruit go bad?' The greengrocer looked mildly reproving; he didn't seem to mind being called silly, or that the quality of his goods was being impugned. I don't think I have ever met a more phlegmatic man.

'What would happen if I ate it?' asked Buffy.

'You would acquire knowledge of good and evil I should imagine, sir.'

'Don't I know about that already?'

'A young gentleman of your tender years, sir? I should hope not indeed.' He sounded respectably shocked, like a deferential old-school valet. I don't think Buffy had been called 'sir' in a shop for a long time, let alone 'young gentleman'.

'I don't believe it would have any effect at all,' said Buffy.

'Well, sir, I wouldn't advise feeding this little fruit to a nudist colony.'

'Why not?'

'They might cover themselves up, sir. "And they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons" Genesis three, verse seven.'

Buffy looked puzzled. 'Just my little joke, sir,' said the greengrocer, although he didn't look like a man who made jokes.

'All right, tell me what things I might learn.'

'You would see into the hearts of men, I should think, sir. See the true motives for their actions.'

'That wouldn't worry me. No-one nowadays believes in goodness ruling the world.'

'If you say so, sir.'



meaning act could lead to. Like, say, crossing the road. I dare say someone could cross a road with the best of intentions – to help an old lady perhaps, or to look at a fruit-shop – then slip on a banana-skin and cause a perfectly horrible accident. You'd see all that in advance.'

'You'd see into the future you mean?'

'Quite so.'

'You could change the world.'

'If you think knowledge can change the world, sir.'

'Oh yes; it can certainly do that.'

'I'm willing to believe you.'

'It is tempting.'

'To some no doubt, sir.'

'You're not Satan, are you?'

'No sir,' said the greengrocer gravely. 'But I would say that, wouldn't I, even if I were?' He made a question of it, and Buffy laughed.

And I will say this for the greengrocer, he never at any time tried to pressurize Buffy into buying the apple. He even seemed reluctant to allow him. It was Buffy pushing all along the line.

'You'd know everything if you ate that, wouldn't you,' said Buffy.

'Yes.'

'How much is it?'

'Oh you can't buy knowledge, sir. And I couldn't sell it to you – not for my life, I couldn't.'

I dragged him away after that. I couldn't see why the man kept it in the shop if it wasn't for sale. But there was one odd thing, I remember. The shop floor had sawdust on it, to absorb the dirt and bits of squashed fruit. There were footprints in the sawdust; and it seems to me, looking back, that some were oddly shaped. Like an animal's if you like, a sheep or a goat's cloven hooves. But it's only an impression, and I can't be sure. It couldn't really have been like that. Although you couldn't see the greengrocer's feet because of the apron.

The High Street Fire happened that night. There is a precinct there now – you can't tell where the High Street was, let alone the shop. I watched the fire on the TV news with Evie. The three of us had been going to spend the evening together but Buffy had slipped off. I couldn't say where he spent that evening, not for certain.

I am content to be a simple man, always have been. It keeps me happier, you know, not worrying. Buffy used to be the same, and well-meaning with it. He Ran the World, had his Band-Aid T-shirt, swapped his car to unleaded at the earliest opportunity and never bought anything from South Africa.

Since the apple, though, he has changed. He threw away his T-shirts, for a start. Says it's all much more

complicated than that, arguments on both sides, whatever you do ends up wrong. He took to buying up all the old CFC-stock aerosols, spraying them around and laughing manically. He installed a mahogany lavatory seat even though he'd boycotted tropical hardwoods in the past because they destroyed the rainforest. 'Oh nobody cares about that,' he says now.

He spent all his savings on a fur coat – real fur, from as endangered a species as he could get. You couldn't take him anywhere.

Yes the apple certainly changed Buffy. He even broke with Evie. When I asked why, he said he had seen through her, though she always seemed like a nice girl to me. I dated her myself, as a matter of fact – well, actually, we're married now. We'd had the odd fling even while she was supposed to be engaged to him – the night of the fire was when we started it. At the time I didn't think he suspected, I'm not so sure now. He says nothing, just that I'll find out some day but by then it'll be too late. And he gives me a look of a kind that I don't altogether like.

Oh, and he signed up for accountancy of course. He said he understood quite enough of life already and there was nothing more he could learn by painting it.

We used to have fun, Buffy and me. That stopped suddenly. He couldn't bear crowds, he said – all that humanity together. And he started to cry.

I told him he should be able to see the good in people as well as the evil, so he ought to be happier. But he muttered something about proportions and how the odds were stacked.

I still visit him occasionally. Evie doesn't come – she says he makes her uneasy. It is understandable. They are quite kind to him in the asylum but of course a strait-jacket can't be that comfortable. And they daren't let him out. Not since they found the top half of the greengrocer. They never did find the bottom half.

After all that time the greengrocer's hand was still clutching the fruit and it hadn't decayed – the apple, I mean; the greengrocer's torso was quite rotten. The apple had three bites out of it. Of course the police didn't know what it was: they threw it in the pig-bin.

We have long talks together, Buffy and I. Sometimes in his ravings he talks of an all-knowing, super-intelligent pig. He says it ended up as bacon just the same. □

Robert Woods is a left-wing sleeper working undercover for a right-wing UK newspaper.

'Though of course you'd see all the unexpected good motives as well. You might get some pleasant surprises,' said Buffy.

'You might, sir. You would certainly get, shall we say, a different perspective on things.'

'I don't think it would be terrifically interesting.'

'Oh, I think I could promise you it would be that.'

There was a pause. Buffy was waiting. 'Well, go on. What else would I know?'

'I should imagine, sir, Consequences' said the greengrocer 'Wouldn't you think so, sir?' he added, turning to me.

Well, I tried to turn it into a joke – not a very good one, I admit – but I said something about that party game called Consequences, you know where everyone writes down innocent things that get strung together because nobody knows what the others have written and it gets all mixed up and you get a silly story with a stupid ending. It was my sole contribution to the conversation. They both ignored me.

'I mean, sir, you might see all the things that a perfectly innocent, well-

AIDS

No joke

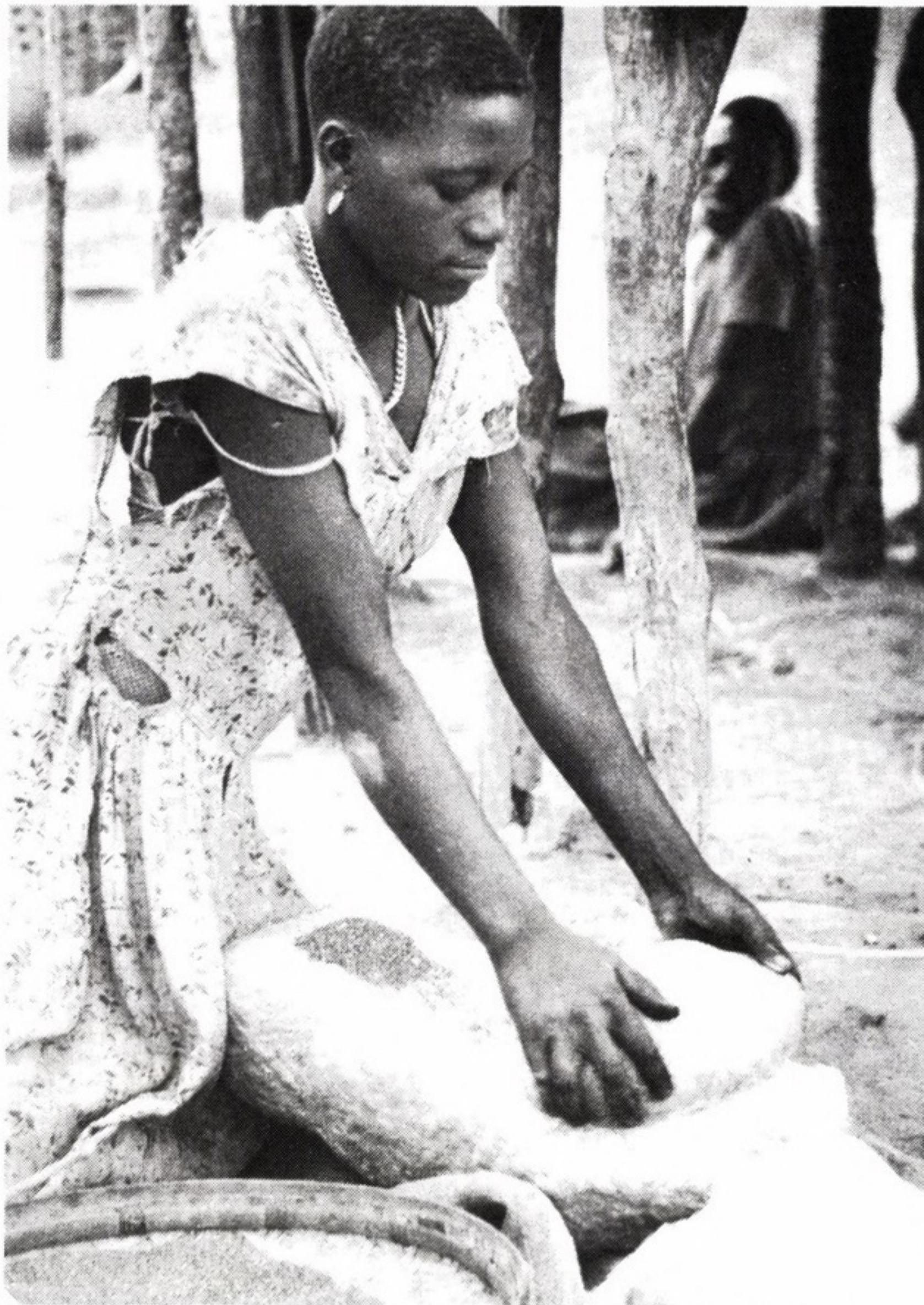
Women in Zambia take the lead

WANDER through Lusaka's red-light district after nightfall, witness the prostitutes working the streets, imagine the formidable health hazard in a region stricken by AIDS – and you can see why voluntary organizations are joining forces to combat this seedy trade.

Prompted by the Government's blind-eye approach to the sex trade, a pilot project aims to 'discourage dark-corner behaviour among men and women to stop AIDS from spreading', as project co-ordinator Alice Munalula explained. 'Lack of employment for women and boredom for men emerged as the main reasons people indulge in prostitution. We want to try to provide the alternatives: jobs for women and counselling for men.'

The World Health Organization and the Norwegian Agency for National Development are providing the initial financial backing, but Munalula will need more than that to realize her ambition of extending the scheme to rural areas. She is seeking funding for a range of projects from tailoring and knitting bazaars to poultry raising.

But the scheme has faced a barrage of public criticism.



Employment projects create new jobs independent of men.

Ruling out any co-operation from the church, the Christian Council of Zambia argues that attention should focus on jobless women and working girls who

need money, rather than on prostitution.

But if prostitution is not even mentioned it will be difficult to discourage. And even if it is

there could still be problems. Says one critic: 'You cannot advertise shame and you cannot walk up to a prostitute and say "Hey, you, walk off the streets and join other prostitutes in farming".'

Others argue that sexism will make the projects unworkable. Typist Mary Kupenda says: 'Such workplaces will be called brothels and men will flock there for a nice time'.

Undaunted, Munalula says that her skilled team of nurses and public-health personnel 'aim to educate participants on issues such as contraceptives, public hygiene and moral support, apart from the material gains'.

Meanwhile, prostitution increases in rural areas, where unemployment has tripled and school drop-out rates for girls are soaring. Interviews carried out for the project's research paper indicate that many prostitutes 'just want to settle down and have a family'.

The current economic slump and the widespread fear of AIDS have made life even tougher for Lusaka's prostitutes. They have taken to increasingly seductive gimmicks, to the point of thumbing down passing motorists. One critic maintains that 'unless the State provides more jobs, the volunteer projects won't stop the trade. As for reforming males, it's just the joke of the year.'

Elias Nyakutemba/Gemini

SOUTH AFRICA

Militant

Muslims join the fray

MILITANT Islam is now a fact in South Africa, as it is in so many other parts of the world. But there it is dedicated



Yusuf Akhalwaya: blew himself up.

to the struggle against apartheid.

Natal's Supreme Court recently sentenced Muhammed-Rafiq Rodan, the former news editor of *Post Natal*, to 15 years in prison for sabotage, including three bombings that injured 17 people. He belonged to Umkhonto we Sizwe ('Spear of the Nation'), the ANC's armed wing, and was closely linked to three militant Muslim groups.

Two Muslim Indians blew themselves up in Johannesburg in December with bombs intended for Establishment targets. Both belonged to Umkhonto and one, Yusuf Akhalwaya, was a member of the militant Call of Islam group.

Islam is deeply rooted in the Cape. The first Muslims arrived soon after the Dutch, sometimes as political prisoners from Indonesia. Their treatment by the Dutch was harsh, and they remained segregated as the apartheid system developed. The Muslim Judicial Council was

formed in 1945, but sank into scholasticism. The first prominent Muslim militant demanding social justice was Imam Abdullah Haron, who was arrested in 1969, interrogated for 123 days and died 'while falling down steps'.

In 1981 the Qibla organization (named after the mosque niche which points to Mecca) was founded along pure Khomeini Fundamentalist lines, damning apartheid and resurrecting Haron as a hero. The security police claimed that Qibla trained 'assassins' in Libya and received funding from the Palestine Liberation Organization. Two of its leaders were arrested in 1989 and Qibla has now been broken by the security police.

Nevertheless South Africa's 650,000 Muslims have a strong influence, mainly through their militant youth movements. The Muslim Youth Movement was formed in Durban in 1970 and has links with the Muslim

Brotherhood in Egypt and the Jameat el Islami in Pakistan. It has 235 *arkan* ('pillars') who pledge a fixed amount monthly, and 2,000 *rufugà* ('friends'). The Muslim Students Association has around 3,000 members.

And militant youth has begun to influence its elders. Muslim organizations welcome the release of Nelson Mandela, the unbanning of the ANC and the partial lifting of the State of Emergency, but all want the total dismantling of apartheid. In October last year the Muslim Judicial Council received a letter from Mandela calling it 'one of South Africa's most powerful organizations committed to the winning of human rights for all our peoples'. South Africa's Muslims, rich in educational and managerial skills, now have for the first time a clear political objective of social justice.

Desmond Meiring

TOBACCO

Choked

Thailand comes under US trade cosh

THAILAND is locked in battle with the giants of the US cigarette trade. They want access to Thailand's 11 million smokers and they're fighting rough, says Prakit Vateesatokit of the Thai Anti-Smoking Campaign.

A tidy 34 billion cigarettes are sold every year in Thailand to 64 per cent of Thai males (but just six per cent of females) over the age of 20. The Thai Tobacco Monopoly (TTM) is owned by the Ministry of Finance and excludes foreign brands.

For years Thailand has tried to stem the flow of smuggled US cigarettes. In an address to the recent Conference on Smoking and Health held in Western Australia, Vateesatokit said that smuggled cigarettes account for at least five per cent of sales.

In 1986 foreign manufacturers began an advertising blitz. Press advertisements, billboards, kites, T-shirts, earrings, notebooks and chewing gum all began to bombard the country with foreign brand names – perfectly legal in itself. So the TTM stepped up its own campaign, and the war began in earnest.

In 1988 the Thai Cabinet approved a package of smoking control measures, including a ban on cigarette advertising. The US Cigarette Export Association (USCEA) retaliated. It filed a petition to the US Trade Representative in April 1989 alleging unfair trade practices. Under Section 301 of the 1974 Trade Act, it asked the US President to sanction retaliation if Thailand kept its doors closed.

In May 1989 the US Trade Representative announced an investigation. US anti-smoking groups protested. Thai health groups were stunned.

The Bush Administration sent the whole issue off to the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) in December last year. The US Trade Representative claims Thailand has violated GATT anti-protection trade regulations. If GATT finds against Thailand, this could be used as further leverage in the continuing Section 301 action.

The US itself is, of course, one of the countries trying to lead the race to become the world's first smoke-free society.

Ann Reeves

EL SALVADOR

Model city

Repatriates start afresh

'WE are the alternative for the future of El Salvador' reads a banner in Segundo Montes. The town lies in North Morazán, one of the most turbulent areas of El Salvador. It was created when 8,400 refugees returned from a 10-year exile in Honduras between November 1989 and February of this year.

They believe they have adopted a model that offers hope to all the poor of El Salvador. Agricultural and industrial co-operatives are being set up to produce consumer goods for the community and sell the surplus. Profits will be invested in social programmes: education, health care and nutrition. Every family will be housed and have an individual plot of land. The 'repatriates' all contribute to a Communal Development Bank.

They say they are looking for 'a more just society'. The communal strategy is aimed not just at poverty but at the constant military harassment they face;



Holding on: better lives and human rights in Segundo Montes.

strength is sought through unity.

The Army has reacted to them with hostility. It has imposed an economic blockade, requiring permits for supplies and cutting off essentials like construction materials, tools and fertilizer. Those who protest have been arrested or threatened by the Army but the campaign for 'free trade' continues.

The economic blockade is accompanied by terror tactics. The Army has destroyed crops, helicopters have bombed the sur-

rounding areas and people have been tortured while under arrest.

Segundo Montes challenges the unjust social and economic system which lies at the heart of the conflict in El Salvador. The Army sees it as subversive. If it is crushed it will be a severe setback not just for the people of Segundo Montes but for other refugee communities seeking repatriation as well.

Peter Drury

MULTINATIONALS

Cut

US giant tramples the grassroots

THE multinational giant Procter & Gamble is being accused by Edward Kennedy and other senior US senators of practising corporate censorship. The charges stem from P&G's David-and-Goliath dispute over TV adverts placed by Neighbor to Neighbor, a grassroots pressure group campaigning for a boycott of coffee from El Salvador.



Coffee bosses fund death squads.

The trouble started when Neighbor to Neighbor placed an advertisement on WHDH-TV, a Boston affiliate of CBS. The advert, which cost the group \$900 for two 30-second showings, urges consumers to boycott Folger's coffee, North America's best-selling brand. Folger's buy some of their coffee from El Salvador and the advert claims that sale of Salvadorean beans leads to 'misery, destruction and death'. It says that wealthy coffee planters fund the right-wing death squads responsible for the disappearance and murder of tens of thousands of people in the Central American republic over the last 11 years.

Coffee makes up over half of El Salvador's exports, and a boycott is advocated by US opponents of the Bush Administration's policy of support for the Salvadorean government.

The ad, which ends with a gruesome image of an upside-down coffee cup pouring blood, provoked swift retaliation from P&G, Folger's parent company. The day after the ad was shown, P&G announced it was indefinitely suspending all advertising on WHDH-TV for its entire range of products, including Pampers diapers, Crest tooth-

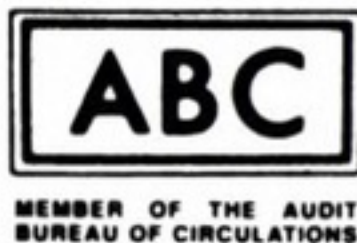
paste and Head and Shoulders shampoo. The TV station estimates P&G advertising revenue at one million dollars a year.

Neighbor to Neighbor were delighted with the free publicity provoked by the row, but have been effectively frozen out of TV advertising – since P&G made its announcement, only one other TV station has run the advert. 'In El Salvador, death squads silence their opposition violently', says Neighbor director Fred Ross. 'Here in the US Procter & Gamble is attempting to silence us using the power of the dollar.'

Despite the blow to his finances, WHDH-TV president Sy Yanoff refuses to back down. 'To me, it was an issue of access,' he explains. The ad was narrated by actor Ed Asner, better known as Lou Grant in the TV series. Asner is no stranger to arm-twisting from advertisers. In 1982 the *Lou Grant* series was cancelled by its US producers after sponsors protested over Asner's political activities as President of the 'Medical Aid for El Salvador' campaign.

Duncan Green/Latin America Bureau

Photo: Peter Drury



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Pregnant in Kingston

Giving birth in Jamaica set Anne Lyons thinking about different attitudes towards sex, life and having children.

'H EY baby-madda! Hope it's a you!' 'Baby-madda! I give you the next one!'

I was white, pregnant and in Jamaica and didn't know how to respond. Should I launch into a discourse on why I didn't value male above female children? Give no response and risk appearing racist? Or simply smile and collude? It had been easier to discuss issues in pubs and read about them in the *New Internationalist*.

I had left for Kingston largely dismissive of the anxieties expressed by family and friends, telling them that, after all, women have babies all over the world. Leaving behind hi-tech hospitals and computerized records did not bother me so much as leaving behind certain hard-won changes in birth procedures. I did not really know what to expect away from the National Health Service and my mum, and so, armed with a small library of books and the good wishes of a Jamaican midwife at Homerton Hospital, I just hoped for the best.

I gave birth at the University Hospital. From the start everything was firmly in the hands of the professionals. I was shaved, given an enema, sent to shower and then directed to a bed in the delivery room. There was no gas and air, but pethidine (a painkiller) was offered as a matter of course (and accepted) and I was cut. I wouldn't say it was a particularly woman-centred experience but I did feel confident in the skills of the midwives and the doctors and knew that there were all the necessary facilities should anything go wrong.

This is not always the case in Jamaica. Many women receive no medical attention at all – even in hospitals – due to pressure of numbers and lack of staff. A recent survey showed that 18 per cent of the births were unattended and 35 per cent of institutions had maternity beds with more than one patient to a bed.

Pregnancy and having a baby does make you public property. While I was pregnant a young security guard used to enquire solicitously about the state of my ankles. The 'helpful advice' after the child was born, however, did get a little wearing: 'Hold her head up!' 'Support

her back!' 'Don't cut her hair or it will stop her talking!' But I was struck by just how proficient at handling babies and young children were people from all walks of life. Mr Lewis, the mechanic, for example, soon managed to quieten my baby daughter Rachel while I was out of the room.

Attitudes to family and children vary considerably according to class, however. The middle and upper classes adopt a fairly Western lifestyle, though the children are often brought up by a live-in 'helper'. The children lead sheltered lives, getting chauffeured to and from their prep schools. Working-class children, by contrast, are often 'grown' by a female relative in the country – usually a grandmother or an aunt. Their mothers work in town or 'in foreign', sending back money and visiting when they can. Working-class children are expected to be independent, travel on the packed buses, take responsibility for siblings, do washing, help sell or 'higgle' in the market and work on the land. The extended-family network is vital for survival: one woman will look after all the children while the others work.

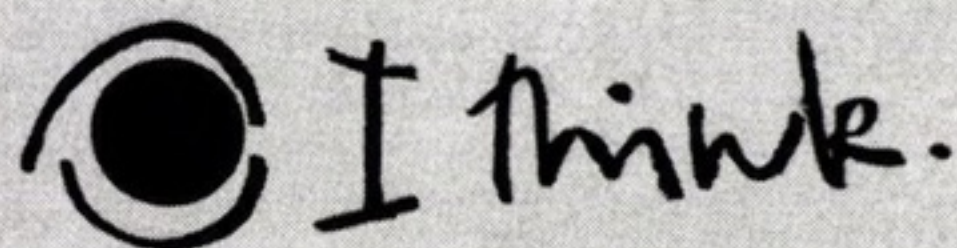
As child-care is easily available and children are integrated into daily life, having a child does not automatically exclude a woman from her previous lifestyle as is so often the case in Britain. I had a discussion with a middle-class Jamaican woman who argued that Jamaican women are more liberated than Western women because they are more economically active. Few Jamaican women fall into the wife-mother trap of isolation and financial dependence.

On reflection I feel that the advantages are only available to women of a certain class. Their freedom to pursue careers and to be liberated from child-care and housework depends on the labour of another woman who, although financially independent, is actually struggling and has yet more work to do when she gets home.

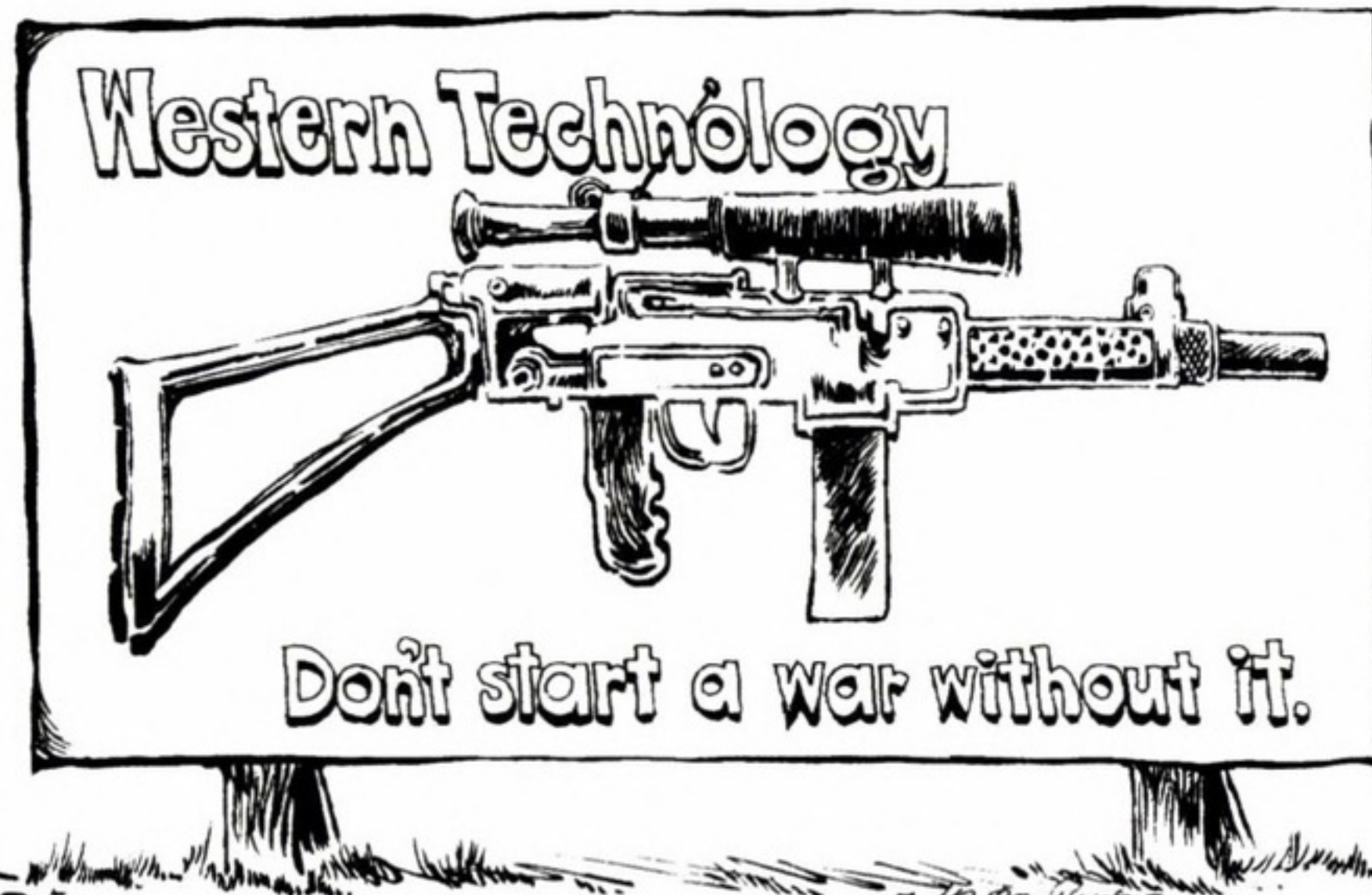
A negative side of the pro-baby culture is that women who do not breed are 'mules'. And those who do breed often bear the brunt of the responsibility for their children as men often fail to support their children or act as a role model. When Fathers' Day was celebrated in the local church recently I saw several giggling and embarrassed adolescents rise to their feet. They were clearly biological fathers only – not practising parents.

So many girls get pregnant young, often through ignorance, and are subsequently traumatized by the whole experience of pregnancy and childbirth. Unable to cope with the financial or everyday demands of a baby, they often end up relying upon their own mothers to care for the child. As Jennifer said after her 15 year old gave birth, 'Instead of de five pickney, it now six'.

Anne Lyons lives with her family in the Jamaican capital, Kingston.



by Martyn Turner





Cool, elegant and all that jazz – Denzel Washington and Spike Lee.

★ FILM

Mo' Better Blues

directed by Spike Lee

Spike Lee's fourth feature film is the story of Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington), a perfectionist jazz trumpeter who puts his music before everything else. Bleek has two girlfriends (Joie Lee and Cinda Williams), each of whom he betrays with the other as a matter of course. He also has an inadequate manager called Giant (Spike Lee himself) whose obsession with gambling is one reason why the group is prone to the exploitation of (white) New York club owners.

An entertaining hybrid of flamboyant style and too predictable content, **Mo' Better Blues** balances Lee's characteristic from-the-hip immediacy of camerawork, dialogue and performances against a storyline which, but for some very significant trimmings of colour, language and attitude, could well have come out of 1950s Hollywood. All cool elegance and effortless authority, Washington gives a charismatic star performance and the soundtrack, combining impressively lush orchestrations with soaring trumpet and sax solos, is uniformly excellent too.

Unfortunately the substance of the tale is too thin and familiar by far. The painful spiritual growth of Bleek, his learning that love is more important than music, is acceptable enough, but Lee concentrates far too much on his own character, a much less sympathetic figure than was intended. Giant, hogging screen time as he stumbles from one tedious gambling-led crisis to another, severely unbalances the movie. Meanwhile Bleek's relationships involve a large number of bed-

room scenes which for too much of the time seem to present the women as carnal accessories passively accepting his attentions.

Still **Mo' Better Blues** is full of fine moments and happens to have one of the very best opening-credits sequences you'll see in this or any other year. Don't arrive late – this alone repays the price of admission.

Politics ☆☆☆

Entertainment ☆☆☆

Long Time Companion

directed by Norman Rene

'Survived by his long time companion...' Taking its title from this sober standard phrase of the modern obituary column, Norman Rene's film is an attempt to assess the impact of AIDS on the gay community and at the same time to celebrate the very strong sense of pride and resolve which the disease has paradoxically fostered. The movie progresses in nine yearly stages from 1981 through to 1989, with AIDS gradually looming larger and larger until it finally seems to dominate everything else.

In 1981 AIDS hadn't even

been properly identified, so that while the *New York Times* carries a famous first article on a new 'rare cancer' afflicting gay men, the confident and unself-consciously gay lifestyle of the film's seven central characters is presented as a kind of nostalgic idyll. By 1982 one of them is seriously ill in hospital with pneumonia; by 1983 much more is known about the HIV virus; by 1985 another of the men is clearly dying.

As the years pass the disease takes a heavier and heavier toll not only physically but also emotionally as it progresses through the group. At the same time qualities of loyalty, caring and unashamed affection are highlighted as lives become ever more intimately linked by bereavement.

One of the major strengths of **Long Time Companion** is its avoidance of the 'Government Health Warning' approach to AIDS. Transmission routes, precautions, various types of treatment and so on are deliberately kept in the background. Instead the emphasis is on the developing relationships.

The film could be criticized on the grounds that all of the characters are white, 'respectable' and economically advantaged. But on the other hand this helps avoid the pitfall of showing people with AIDS as passive, somehow guilty victims. These are intelligent, sophisticated, emotionally mature individuals rather than stock figures or caricatures and this lends the film a credibility it otherwise wouldn't have.

In the end it is perhaps rather too tidy and symmetrical an affirmation of the human spirit. But **Long Time Companion's** comprehensive avoidance of manipulative devices and, not least, its sense of humour, ensures its authority both as drama and as a piece of fundamental optimism.

Politics ☆☆☆☆

Entertainment ☆☆☆☆



Together – coping with the AIDS onslaught in **Long Time Companion**.

★ BOOKS

When the Bough Breaks...

by Lloyd Timberlake and Laura Thomas (*Earthscan*)

Child Slaves

by Peter Lee-Wright (*Earthscan*)

One reads **When the Bough Breaks...** with a horror that is familiar – and an anger over one's own impotence that is perhaps equally familiar. This is a comprehensively researched document which records the effects of an industrially devastated environment upon the most vulnerable group of human beings – children. We meet children from all parts of the world. There is Iwonka, the Polish schoolgirl who breaks down and cries as she tells of her mother's miscarriage (caused by the fumes of the steel plant where she worked). Or Pavitra, who drinks contaminated water in her Delhi slum.

The point of meeting them is to understand the ruthlessness of international economic policies which drive the poorer nations of the world to environmental disaster in an attempt to repay their debts. It reads at times like a catalogue of economic aggression of which one telling example may be sufficient: in 1976 Ciba-Geigy purposely sprayed a group of Egyptian children with the pesticide Galecron in order to test its effects.

Such ruthlessness has another face which is passionately explored in Peter Lee-Wright's **Child Slaves**. It recounts the dehumanizing conditions under which children labour in the Third World in order to provide commodities and services to consumers usually from the West. Lee-Wright doesn't shrink from naming names and one recognizes many familiar superstore products that originate from some fume-choked hovel halfway across the world. And if the faint heart should quail at this then think of the children being sexually exploited in the Philippines and Thailand where the Western male consumer can see the misery behind his gratification but still cannot resist.

In most cases, the author cautions, the answer is not an immediate ban on the products of child labour – that would mean an even worse fate for the children concerned – but the more difficult option of pressurizing the exploiters to

improve conditions and alter policies.

Child Slaves is written in prose that pulls no punches and is strident when it has to be, unlike **When the Bough Breaks...** which is a bit bloodless by comparison. Both books imply what childhood should be like by being very straightforward about the present reality for all too many of the world's children.

Politics ★★★★★ / ★★★★★
Entertainment ★★★★★ / ★★★★★

★ MUSIC

The Vegetarians of Love

by Bob Geldof (Phonogram)

In which Saint Bob takes up again the slings and arrows of an outrageous career – and turns in a halfway decent record. Geldof has come a long way since his first single with the Boomtown Rats, a hymn to selfishness called *Looking After Number One*. But his musical achievements have

been decidedly slender. No more than a couple of good songs and much sub-Jagger lolling and leering with the Rats; *Do They Know It's Christmas?*; a mediocre first solo album; and there the list peters out.

He deserves some sympathy: how on earth could he deliver artistic goods that have the weight of his global charity work? Answer: by turning in a record with echoes of Bob Dylan and Van Morrison, which must be as close as popular music comes to high seriousness and sainthood, to being untrammelled by earthly concerns like chart success.

It's a smart move which leads him out onto a limb of high-flown verbiage, as in the charmingly titled *Thinking Voyager 2 Type Things*: 'I'm electric with the snap and crackle of creation/ I'm mixing up the mud with the pit/ So rise up Brendan Behan and like a drunken Lazarus/ Let's traipse the high bronze of the evening sky/ Like crack crazed kings'.

Geldof gives up struggling to be a singer of quality and pitches for the spoken individuality of a Dylan. He ends up with the non-voice of Mark Knopfler but given that gentle-



Geldof: ever the shy wallflower. You can look now Bob – three stars means 'good'.

man's sales figures (Dire Straits' *Brothers In Arms* was the UK's best-selling album of the 1980s) Geldof will hardly complain about the comparison.

The musical setting is carefully selected too to remove him from the tawdry everyday fray of the pop marketplace: violas, accordions, pennywhistles and assorted kitchen utensils conjure up the timeless integrity of Irish folk music (or 'roots' in

1990-speak). But ultimately you have to say that the music is the weak link – that it lacks the depth and the melodic assurance that the consistently interesting words cry out for.

Still, it's a bold attempt to put his art where his mouth has always been and you can't help willing him to succeed. If nothing else you feel for a man blighted by an absurdly exalted image – and one who can make a joke out of it in the wonderful tongue-in-cheek prophecy of *The End of the World* that closes the album ('Nostradamus and Jesus and Buddha and me/ We said it was coming/ Now just wait and see').

One thing more. The title is ironic: one of this man's many crusades is against vegetarianism. Think of that (and him) what you will.

Politics ★★★★★
Entertainment ★★★★★

★ STAR RATING

Excellent	★★★★★
Very good	★★★★
Good	★★★
Fair	★★
Poor	★

Reviews editor: Chris Brazier

CLASSIC

High Horse Riderless

...being the book that looked beyond the Machine Age

MY occasional brushes with office work leave me filled with inarticulate rage. I feel as though I have run up against 'The System' in all its indifferent, anonymous power. Why should I, or anyone, be expected to perform tasks which mean nothing to me, and into which I can put nothing of myself? And yet for most people there seems to be no real alternative – and they expect none. People work nine to five and then escape the 10, 20 or more miles back home to the suburbs. This whole attitude to work seems to me to be missing something of deep significance.

LTC Rolt's book **High Horse Riderless**, written in 1940, analyses what that something is. The book is a passionate plea for craftsmanship and for creativity in labour. His central argument is that the root cause of our modern ills is the frustration of the human creative instinct. The only positive freedom is the freedom to use our creativity – and when machines are used as a substitute for labour rather than as an extension of our abilities, they deny us that freedom. The progressivist dream of a world freed by machines from the necessity of labour misses this fundamental truth.

Rolt had first-hand experience of the changes sweeping through industry during the 1930s. Apprentice-trained as an engineer, he found that his skills were increasingly obsolete. Wages depended not on skill or responsibility but on quantity of output, regardless of quality. Machines were replacing human skill and workers were being reduced to mere machine minders.

As an engineer, with a craftsman's interest in machines, he could not believe that they were the real villains of the piece and he set about looking for the deeper fault underlying their applications. His goal was to discover a way of reconciling mechanism and science with the harmony which he perceived in the natural world, and with a life of individual creative freedom.

In mediaeval times, Stephen Harding's phrase *Laborare est orare* ('to work is to pray') sums up the central role which labour played in people's lives. Work was not a means of gaining reward but was humanity's true function in the divine order and the highest expression of human creativity. But as attitudes changed labour came to be seen as the fight of the soldier of God through a hostile world, a fight in which the end justified the means. This shift in the religious attitude, which saw humanity as alienated from nature, laid the foundations for the Age of Reason.

Because the spirit of this new age was fundamentally materialistic, scientific invention focussed on reducing the labour needed to produce a given article so it could be made in greater quantity and at less cost. Nowhere does quality of product or job satisfaction enter the accountants' equations of profit and loss. Nowhere does anyone question whether these developments benefit the people doing the work.

Work is geared to making as many articles as possible as cheaply as possible. We are persuaded by advertising to buy goods which are shoddy and of little intrinsic value. Nothing is worth keeping because no love went into its making and stainless surfaces can never mellow with use.

There is no continuity, no history, no meaning, and it is to this that Rolt ascribes our feelings of futility and alienation. We find little solace at home but go out again in search of mass entertainment or slump in front of the television, seeking not to think but to forget.

Scientific utopians believe that the spirit of humanity will achieve its highest expression when it has been freed from the 'slavery' of labour. Rolt warns that this is not so because that spirit can only express itself in creative activities in which work and leisure are facets of one whole.

So is there an answer? Rolt argues that we must look beyond the present system altogether. If we wish to reclaim responsibility for ourselves we must aim for self-sufficiency because only then can we have control over our lives. Specialization of function leads inevitably to dependency. We must husband a real wealth which lies in the land and its fruits: a self-sufficient society can only be built upon an agricultural basis. The city should serve the country, not vice versa.

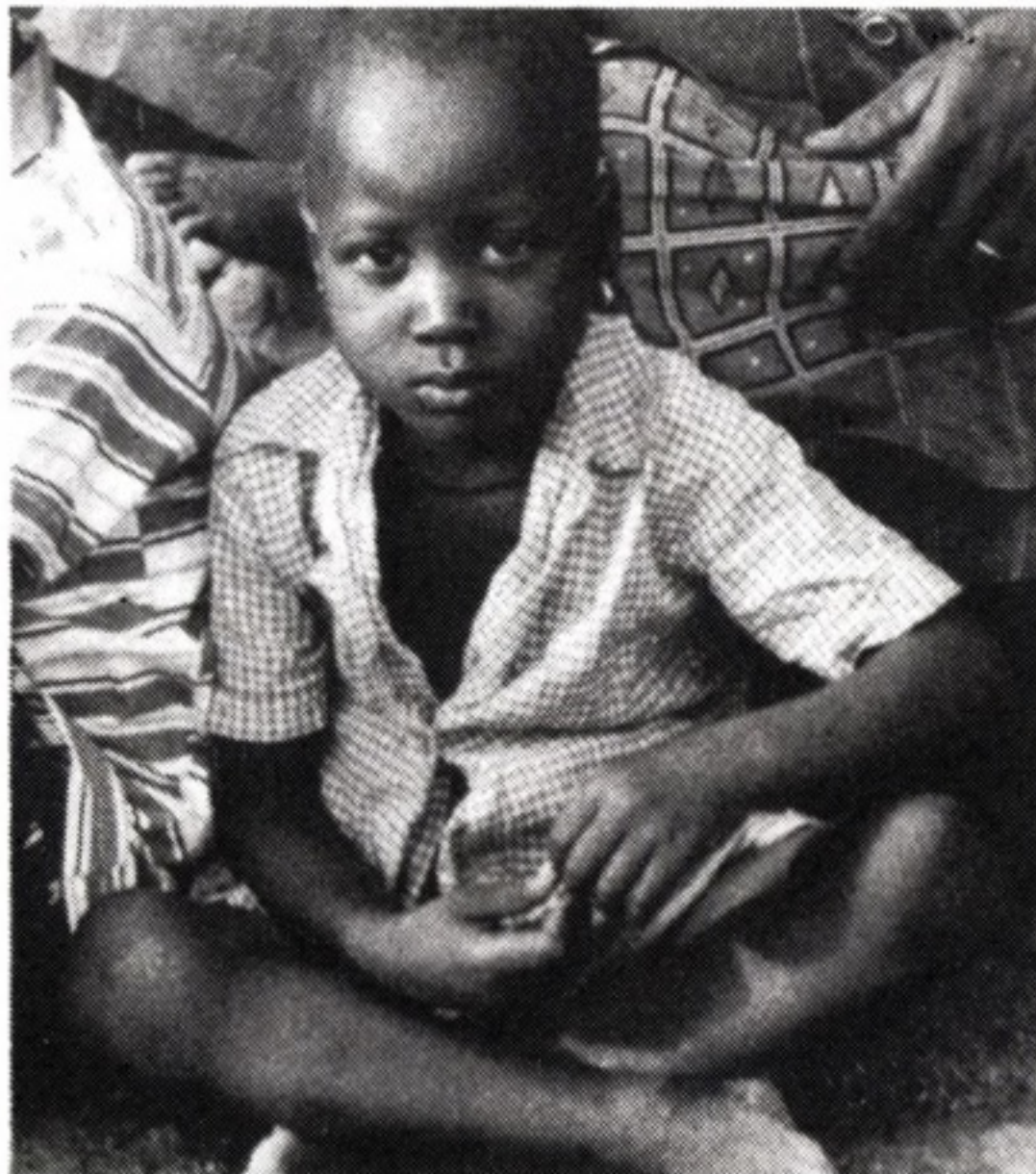
Modern scientific knowledge can be used by such societies and Rolt gives two guiding principles for the use of technology: 'That mechanical methods should only be employed in work provided the qualitative result achieved is better in the eyes of both maker and user'; and 'That no man (sic) should make any use of a machine or a scientific process unless he possess a comprehensive knowledge of its principle, function and purpose, and is already skilled in the use to which it is to be applied'. What a revolution there would be in our behaviour and attitudes if we were to stick to those two principles!

If we pursue the organic life of individual responsibility and self-sufficiency, then knowledge and wisdom, work and leisure, art and religion, life and death, become indivisible parts of one art, the art of the good life. This message is as relevant now as it was in 1940 and is more urgent than ever as the myth of material progress loses its power.

Elizabeth Sourbut

High Horse Riderless by LTC Rolt (1940, republished in 1989 by Green Books as a Green Classic).

Burkina Faso



Leader Captain Blaise Compaoré
Economy GNP per capita \$190 (US \$18,530)
 Exports are cotton, animals and hides, shea nuts, sesame seeds and rubber products. Main imports include transport equipment, cereals and oil. Food crops are sorghum, millet, yam, maize and beans; stockrearing is the other major farming activity.
People 8.5 million
Health Infant mortality 137 per 1,000 live births (US 10 per 1,000)
Culture Over 50 per cent of the population are Mossi; 20 or so other groups and sub-groups. Religion: Mostly animist; Muslims in the North and about five per cent Christians. Language: Official language is French but the Mossi language, More, is more widely used. Other languages are Dioula, Gourmantche and Peul.

Sources: *Africa Review* and *State of the World's Children* 1990.

AT first sight Burkina Faso – the 'Land of the Incorruptible' – would not appear to have enough wealth to make corruption possible. Much of its countryside is fighting a losing battle against the southward march of the Sahara while the capital, Ouagadougou, is a pleasant, overgrown village without a trace of gloss. Under French rule, what was then Upper Volta was used as a labour reservoir for those parts of the Empire more blessed with natural resources – and even today about 1.5 million Burkinabe have to find work in neighbouring countries.

Nominal independence in 1960 brought a succession of inept, mostly military governments. Drought in the 1970s and again in 1983 brought four-wheel-drive Toyotas emblazoned with aid-agency logos but aid failed to alleviate the chronic poverty faced by the peasants, 90 per cent of the population.

In 1983 a group of leftist army officers led by Thomas Sankara seized power. The ruling National Revolutionary Council

(NRC) started to develop a more self-sufficient economy. Rejecting overtures from the International Monetary Fund (IMF), the NRC began to revitalize the agricultural base by guaranteeing prices of basic food crops and promoting the use of local textiles.

Intrusive Coca-Cola culture was confronted by using African dance, music, film and popular theatre to raise awareness of key issues. Health posts were set up. Improved farming and soil conservation were promoted under the slogan of a 'Green Burkina'. An innovative renewal programme gave the urban poor legal protection, provided basic amenities and encouraged self-help work. Women were given rights to property, credit facilities and access to literacy programmes.

Sankara took his idealism seriously. Reckoned the world's poorest president, his most valuable possessions were a car, a refrigerator and four bicycles.

But in 1987 tensions surfaced between Sankara, who wanted to divert resources to the rural sector, and Captain Blaise Compaoré, who represented the relatively privileged government employees and trade unions. The split led to Sankara's assassination in October 1987.

Since then the country has been plunged into uncertainty as Compaoré struggles to consolidate his power and turn back the clock. The military have resumed their parasitic role, the basic-needs development strategy has been jettisoned, foreign investment encouraged and the IMF has stepped in. A heavily armed convoy signals Compaoré's passage around Ouagadougou. An air of fear has replaced the sense of purpose which marked the Sankara years.

David Richards

Last profiled in May 1982

At a glance

***** Excellent
 **** Good
 *** Fair
 ** Poor
 * Appalling

INCOME DISTRIBUTION *

Gap between peasants and rural/urban elites
 1982: *

SELF-RELIANCE **

80% of development budget from foreign aid
 1982: **

POSITION OF WOMEN ***

Significant improvements under Sankara not yet eroded
 1982: **

POLITICS

Nominally Marxist but effectively military rule
 1982: *

LITERACY **

14% slow improvement. 45% boys, 26% girls in primary education
 1982: *

FREEDOM **

Political detainees, executions. Opposition underground or in exile
 1982: **

LIFE EXPECTANCY *

47 years (US 75 years) Among the world's lowest.
 1982: *

organising DAYS

NI

1991 THIRD WORLD ALMANAC

your



PHOTO DIARY

FREE OFFER

NI 1991 THIRD WORLD ALMANAC - This lovely photo diary contains 53 black and white images, caught through the lens of some of today's best photographers. Each picture is a social comment. The week-to-view diary section gives generous space for your appointments and dates to remember, and opens up into a unique triangular picture presentation for the table top. It can never get lost, and the pictures communicate across a crowded schedule. Size? At 8 1/4" x 4 1/2" it's comfortable on the desk top, and can be dropped into bag or pocket. The spiral binding ensures the Almanac stays open and is easy to write in.

Good to look at, and useful too, this diary gives you:

- Great photos, a different one to inspire each week
- 53 telling quotations on issues of social justice, tying-in with the week's photograph
- Plenty of space for appointments

- Useful UN facts on the world's people
- The dates of international events and local anniversaries, you didn't know you didn't know
- A 'campaign directory' with the names, addresses and phone numbers of some 200 pressure groups working for change at home and overseas
- A fold-out personal budget sheet to help you arrange your finances
- A year planner and cover pocket.

A really practical, attractive and unusual personal organiser.

UK £7.95 Can/US \$14.95

Voted by NI product buyers as the item they were most delighted with!



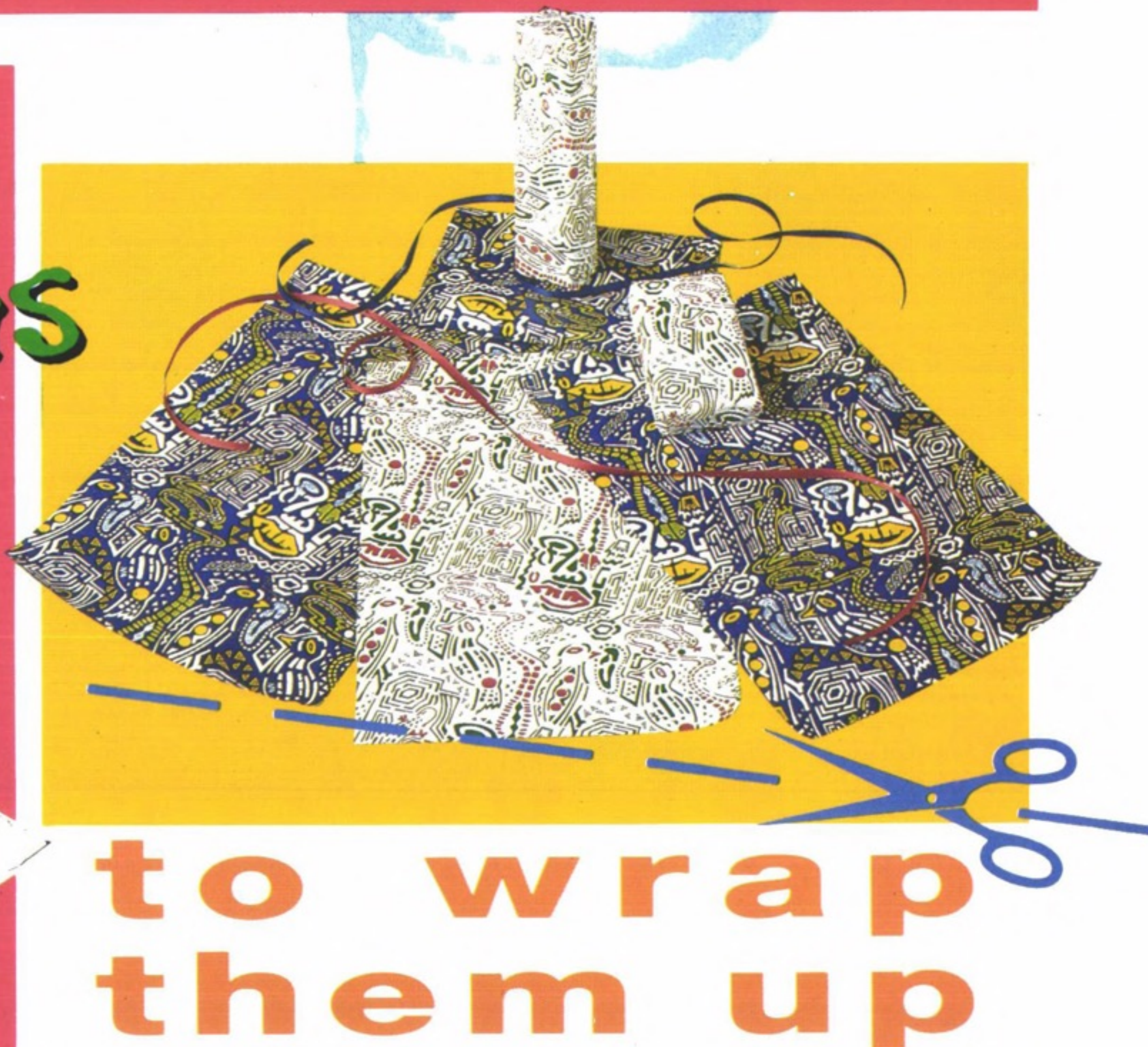
ALTERNATIVE CHRISTMAS CARDS! GIVE YOUR FRIENDS A SMILE AND MAKE A POINT.

Snowpeople against global warming
(inside) Have a cool yule

Don't let acid rain dears!
(inside) Here's to a green Christmas

Pack of ten, five of each design with accompanying envelopes. Each card measures 6 1/2" x 4 1/2". Printed on 100% recycled card.

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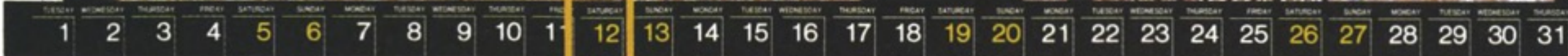
to wrap them up

MOZAMBIQUE GIFTWRAP Ten 100% recycled sheets - With a beautiful Mozambican design, a tapestry pattern incorporating people with birds and animals. Ten sheets, five in each set of colours. A generous, big size, each sheet measures 30" x 20".

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CHANGE



January 1991



NEW INTERNATIONALIST

The people, the ideas, the action, in the fight for world development

Third World Calendar

Publications and presents designed for a better world –

FREE OFFER

NI 1991 THIRD WORLD CALENDAR. Superb pictures by the world's best photographers make this publication one of the biggest-selling international calendars. Each month there's a fresh and positive view of Third World people, their work, culture and environment. January's image of children is from Sudan, March brings the vividly-painted trucks of Kerala, India. April takes you to the lush green paddy-fields of Bali, while in May you can join an Ndebele wedding feast in South Africa. Other months show the elephant market of India's Sonapur Mela, a spectacular kasbah in the Atlas Mountains, and fetching firewood with donkeys in Tunisia.

It all adds up to an original and positive view of people and regions too often pitied or ignored.

For a preview of some of these pictures, see the Greetings Cards.

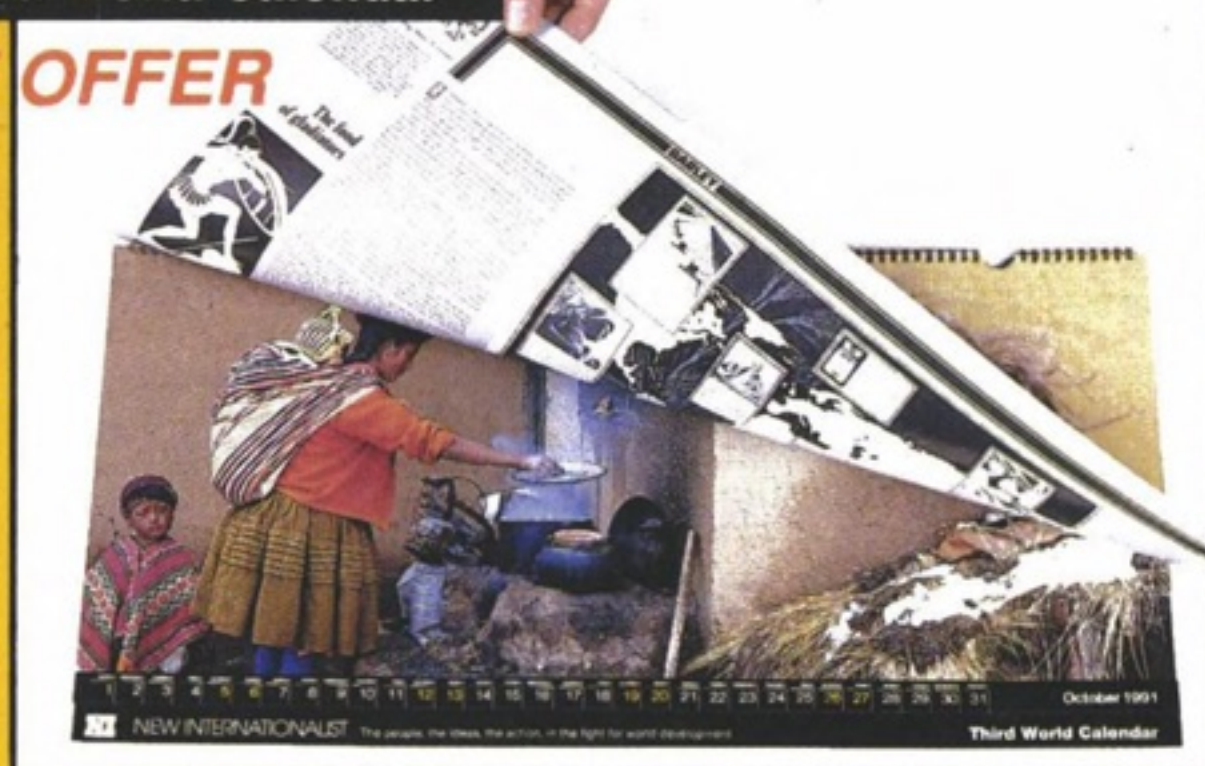
TURN OVER THE PICTURE ... and the reverse sides are filled with facts, charts and short stories explaining issues like the world of street children, elephants and their relationship to people, South Africa as seen by a black poet, art and culture from music to street theatre.

The calendar is the best of all educational aids, where you enjoy it so much you don't realize you are learning - a focus for discussion in the home and classroom. Anyone would be delighted by this twelve month gift.

Calendar

UK £7.95

Can/US \$17.95



FREE

When you order three NI publications – Calendars, Almanacs or Food Books – OR a combination of these publications, sent to one address, you can claim a pack of ten full colour Third World Greetings Cards worth **£3.95/\$9.00**



SENDING BEST WISHES

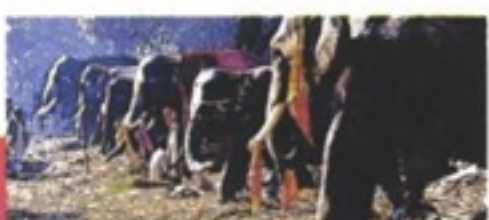
TEN THIRD WORLD GREETINGS CARDS

Ten full-colour large cards featuring two of each of the five best calendar photographs plus envelopes in a handy wallet. Blank inside for your own message, the cards can be sent at Christmas and all the year round for birthdays and other special occasions. Each card carries a detailed caption about the photograph and measures 8 1/4" x 3 3/4".

Pack of ten plus envelopes

UK £3.95

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COOKING WITH INSPIRATION

new

THE NI FOOD BOOK

Recipes from Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East for Western kitchens with country information and food facts.

Some of the best cooking in the world goes on quietly in the hills of the Andes and the villages of Africa, in the valleys of the Middle East and on the plains of India. Now collected together in THE NI FOOD BOOK are some of the Third World's tastiest dishes for you to cook.

This attractive wipe-clean, hard cover publication with red ribbon page marker features over 200 easy-to-follow recipes, including sections on vegetarian dishes, meat and fish foods, starters, salads and desserts. There are 10 full-page colour plates in the book, together with a detailed full-colour Peters world map so you can locate the country your meal comes from.

All the recipes have been collected, tested and adapted for Western kitchens. You'll probably find most ingredients already in your kitchen, and the recipes give substitutes for those which may be hard to find.

With 192 attractively designed pages, and each dish introduced with an anecdote and food facts, this book will whet your appetite and inspire your next meal.

Canadian edition in conjunction with Second Story Press

UK £9.99 Can/US \$19.95

THE NEW INTERNATIONALIST

The FOOD Book

FREE OFFER

